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28 June 1985

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New Statesman

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HE
STOP
THATCHER?**

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HANNA**
reports
on the
Brecon
by-election



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Honeyford should go

RAY HONEYFORD, the Bradford school head, and his political friends are clearly delighted that the special enquiry by his school governors has recommended that he should be reinstated. He has been suspended from his duties at Drummond Middle School since April, after writing articles in the *Salisbury Review*, which many Bradford parents considered demonstrated a basically racist attitude.

The Honeyford camp is, of course, claiming that their man has been completely exonerated, that he must now be reinstated and that any other course of action now by the local education authority would be 'unthinkable'. Even at the technical and quasi-legal level this can and should be disputed.

First, in announcing the results of the enquiry the chairman of the Drummond governors did not say that Honeyford's views were *not* racist. He said that 'the allegations [against Honeyford] had not been fully substantiated.' The proceedings of the school governors' enquiry were confidential, but the chairman seemed only to be saying that some specific burden of proof of a degree of racism sufficient to warrant disciplinary action had not been discharged.

Since a concept like 'racism' is so subjective, this outcome is not surprising. The question that matters is not whether Honeyford is a card carrying racist, whose views lay him open to criminal or disciplinary proceedings. It is whether Honeyford is a fit and proper person to be the head of Drummond Middle School in Bradford in 1985.

The Honeyford camp is also making as much as possible of the governors' conclusion itself. But the authority of that conclusion is weakened by the fact that all the Labour governors boycotted the enquiry on the grounds that its pro-Honeyford result was a foregone conclusion. Equally, it is not the case that school governors constitute the body to which school heads are finally accountable in the existing state school system. School governors are an important mechanism by which local consultation about school policy can be achieved. Ironically, Sir Keith Joseph's recent White Paper on improving schools argued that more power in schools should be made over to parents. And we certainly support the view that there should be more democratic accountability in schools to parents, teachers and pupils. But responsibility for education policy under the existing system rests squarely with the elected local education authority, executed through its education officers. It is also legitimate that central government should seek to influence the direction of education policy.

So the Bradford education authority has to decide not whether Honeyford has been found guilty of some formal charge of racism; but whether he should be reinstated to his former school in circumstances where it is clear that he is opposed to national and local education policy and where it is clear that he has irretrievably lost the confidence of a large section of parents in his catchment area.

The growing national consensus about education for children of ethnic minority groups was encapsulated in the report of the Swann Committee, published in March. The balance of its membership was in no way radical and its conclusions were in

many ways deficient. But even Swann concluded that schools must recognise that we are now a multicultural society and accept the fact that education policy can no longer be based on a structure of 'British' values, which are assumed to be inherently 'superior'. In cities like Bradford, elected local education authorities have understood this basic point, not least because the keen interest of Asian parents in education policy has kept it as a live political issue over many years.

Ray Honeyford has not understood it. He has expressed the view that if schools contain a 'disproportionate' number of Asian and West Indian children ('a disproportionate number of which are fatherless') academic standards (i.e. white British 'standards') are bound to suffer. That is the core of the Honeyford position, even though inspectors found no evidence that white children in his school were 'underperforming'.

He has embroidered his views in articles and interviews (some of which were quoted in the *NS* 24 May). Thus for example: 'The hysterical temperament of the Indian sub-continent became evident — an extraordinary sight in an English School Hall' (*Salisbury Review*); or 'His English sounds like that of Peter Sellers' Indian doctor on an off day' (*Times Educational Supplement*).

This is still a reasonably free country and there is no reason why people in general should not be free to express prejudiced opinions about education, as about other things, provided they stay within the law. But they are not the views and prejudices that a local education authority can allow in a head teacher in a multiracial community. Whatever the enquiry said about Honeyford's 'racism', he must not be reinstated as a headteacher in Bradford. If he is, one of the saddest likely consequences will be the renewed determination of some Asian parents to withdraw from the state school system and set up private denominational schools for their children. □

JMB scandal come out at last

IT IS A characteristic of the British Left that its critique of the actual institutions of capitalism is in general uninformed or uninterested or both. On industrial policy, planning or employment there is much engaged discussion and argument. On the City there is nothing, or next to nothing.

Every now and again someone pulls at an end of wool and a whole length of knitting comes apart. The affair of Johnson Matthey Bankers is one such moment. The *New Statesman* and Tony Blair, the Labour Treasury spokesperson, can legitimately take much of the credit for forcing the issues raised by this affair into the open. For without our joint and sustained probing since last December it is pretty well certain that the cover up would have been maintained. None of the heavy end of Fleet Street for example, nor the bigger guns of the shadow cabinet seemed much interested in what was being exposed.

When the reports (less those sections withheld on the usual excuse of 'commercial considerations') were eventually published last week, they confirmed that the Bank of England had indeed kept the Treasury in the dark about substantial parts of its rescue operation. Chancellor Lawson's quite unprecedented public rebuke to the Bank of England for having fallen down on the job of supervising JMB's manifestly imprudent behaviour goes a long way towards explaining why the Bank was so keen to keep the whole affair under wraps. The Chancellor was in effect saying that the Bank under its Governor Robin Leigh-Pemberton (a very personal Thatcher appointment incidentally) had behaved in an amateur and incompetent manner.

But the significance of this has not been sufficiently stressed. It lies in the fact that successive governments have accepted the

argument that the Bank of England should be allowed to remain the keystone of the arch of a system of *voluntary* supervision and policing in the City. The JMB affair is conclusive proof that such a system cannot and will not work.

For the sorry reactions to the revelations that one insignificant gold bullion dealing operation had been allowed to get into such an unstable state that it threatened the mighty Midland Bank and much else in the City are exactly the same as the reactions from the Bank of England more than a decade ago, when the City was struck by what became known as the 'secondary banking crisis'.

Amateurism and lazy trust in the supervision of the banking system, we were told, would give way at once to properly staffed professionalism. The Bank would combine the best of foreign supervisory techniques with British non-legal and flexible informality. JMB tells us that nothing has changed. And if this is true of banking, where the Bank of England has a direct and specific regulatory function, who knows what may or may not be going on in the other financial markets that together form the City, where the Bank has only informal and indirect influence.

The situation is made more critical by the fact that an institutional revolution is in progress in the City. Ever since this government stopped the Office of Fair Trading's restrictive practices case against the Stock Exchange, it has been 'open season' in the City for arranged mergers between companies and firms that had previously been in activities that the Bank and the authorities had insisted should be kept separate.

From the point of view of prudential supervision, if the Bank cannot cope with a JMB, what chance has it of putting in place regulatory systems for financial conglomerates of which it has no experience? Equally, within these conglomerates there will now be built-in conflicts of interests way beyond even those substantial ones that exist at present.

On all available evidence, the Bank of England is institutionally incompetent to supervise such a system. An incoming Labour government would need to develop some clear ideas about how it would regulate the bastions of capitalism that it would inherit. □

POLICING LONDON

Policing London is the bi-monthly publication of the GLC Police Committee Support Unit. Since issue no. 1 in July 1982 it has regularly covered the policing of London and policing developments generally.

- Guides to the Metropolitan Police
- GLC proposals for Met Police accountability
- The Police Act and police powers
- Policing and black people
- Women and policing supplements
- Understanding crime statistics
- The Special Branch
- The policing of the miners' strike

and much more, including news, what's happening in the law, defence campaigns and reports from the boroughs.

Policing London is free to Londoners; if you would like to receive it, please fill out the coupon below. If you live outside London you can subscribe for £6 a year (individuals and voluntary groups); £12 for institutions and libraries.

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NS1

ROY TRIES TO TAKE OVER A COMMANDING FOOTHILL — an insiders' view

ROY HATTERSLEY's plan to set up a National Investment Bank, outlined last month, looks like a non-starter. On 16 May the Shadow Chancellor announced that the 'centre-piece of Labour's economic and industrial policy at the next election' would be the takeover of Investors In Industry, a specialised investment bank. A former Investors In Industry employee, JAMES CRIFTON, explains why it won't work

OVER the last three years Investors In Industry (3i to its design consultants Wolff Olins) has spent the equivalent of a modestly ambitious urban renewal programme on its own corporate identity project. In an expensive campaign 3i is trying to promote itself as a 'warm' organisation, all pastel shades and early 1950s 'naive' art styles.

The question prompted by this campaign 'Where does 3i think it's going?' is all the more important now Hattersley has resurrected the idea of a National Investment Bank to reinvigorate industry with cheap

(subsidised) long-term loans, with 3i the nucleus of the new institution. For the avowed aim of 3i's image project is to get away from the idea of a quasi-government agency supporting long-term investment in traditional British industries, which is what 3i's ancestors were set up as in the 1940s. Now 3i wants to join the City 'club'. Not surprisingly, there is little support in 3i for the Labour Party's proposals.

Taking piggy to market

Even before Hattersley muddled the waters, 3i's shareholders, the clearing banks and the Bank of England, were openly discussing its future. Midland Bank, desperate these days for the odd fiver to cover its losses at US subsidiary Crocker, is known to be keen to get out of its 18 per cent holding. A stock market float seems inevitable, producing yet another market-driven venture capital vehicle responsive only to the needs of its City shareholders.

3i's profits in the last two years have been boosted by a more aggressive policy of pushing its investments onto the Unlisted Securities Market (the 'junior' Stock Exchange), and of trading in its quoted investments. Ewan Macpherson, director of 3i's head office division agreed in February that it might 'have to play to the



The Shadow Chancellor's ambition is no longer to nationalise the 'Commanding heights' of the economy

market more', taking 'a shorter-term attitude to profits' (*Investor's Chronicle*).

3i's regional coverage, formerly its greatest asset, will become more incidental. Its regional subsidiary, the Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation (ICFC), has just lost its separate identity. Sunderland is to be jettisoned in favour of a chimeric high-tech Wonderland in the South East. The internal culture at 3i is now so hostile to the Labour Party's proposals that nationalisation would be accompanied by bitter conflict.

This is really no way to start a radical reconstruction of our industrial base. Labour has a lot of ideological ground to cover if its proposals are to win the support they deserve in 3i, let alone the City as a whole.

MacGregor rubs salt in the nation's wounds

A WAVE of anger spread through the South Wales coalfield this week following the sacking of Anthony Williams, the miner found not guilty in the taxi driver murder trial.

Taxi driver David Wilkie was killed by a concrete block as he drove a strike breaker to work in a convoy during the miners' strike. The National Coal Board claims that Anthony Williams was involved in plans to disrupt the convoy.

Over 150 miners at Markham colliery near Blackwood, Gwent, the pit where Anthony Williams worked, walked out in disgust on Monday. 'The sacking does appear to be a deliberate provocation,' says Greville Janner, one of the Labour MPs on the House of Commons Select Committee on Unemployment.

The recommendations of the Select Committee, anticipated in last week's *New Statesman*, called on the NCB and the Government to review the cases of all 671 (now 672) sacked miners. One of the committee's concerns was that miners acquitted in the courts were still being sacked by NCB, which, at the same time, was denying the National Union of Mineworkers any opportunity of representing the sacked men. Libertarian right-wing Tory MP John Gorst, who supported Labour MPs on the committee, called it 'summary treatment'.

The decision to sack Anthony Williams was taken just two days after the Prime Minister had denounced the committee's findings as 'shabby' and made plain the government's and the NCB's intention to ignore them.

Miners' leaders in South Wales are convinced that the decision to sack Anthony Williams was taken in London but John Morgan, a spokesperson for the NCB in South Wales insists that the decision was taken locally. But South Wales NCB seems blissfully unaware of what is going on. John Morgan told the *New Statesman*: 'The ball is now in the court of the NUM and Mr Williams himself. He can take his case through the appeals procedure and to an industrial tribunal.'

This is not true. Anthony Williams cannot take his case through the appeals procedure. Such action was expressly ruled out by NCB chairman, Ian MacGregor, in his evidence to the Select Committee on the grounds that such procedures did not apply to dismissals that did not arise out of 'a work situation'. He also said that the NCB could not be bound by decisions of an industrial tribunal.

John Rose



This image-conscious investment bank is now Roy's target

Censored

A *New Statesman* series has been selected as one of the 10 best 'censored' stories of 1984 by a panel of US academics and journalists. The articles about the suspected military use of civil plutonium exported from Britain to the US, by Rob Edwards in the *New Statesman* and Richard Norton-Taylor in the *Guardian*, were chosen by 'Project Censored' jurors including philosophy professor Noam Chomsky, Washington Post columnist Mary McGrory and writer Jessica Mitford. It is the first time since the project began in 1976 that a foreign nomination has been chosen. The project's aim is to publicise stories which governments have tried to suppress.

SEE *New Statesman* 13 July, 12 October and 16 November 1984.

Secret police chief on a 'package' holiday?

THE ARREST of eight 'Middle East nationals' under the Prevention of Terrorism Act last week was picked up eagerly by the popular press. Because of the TWA hijack the fact that they were Shi'ites was seized on, but the Home Office's announcement concealed more than it revealed. **GRAHAM OGILVY reports**



Emir Sheikh Al-Khalifah: relies on the colonial connection with UK to suppress opposition

NEW SCOTLAND YARD added that those involved, six of whom were deported on Sunday, had been held 'in connection with events in Bahrain'. What the Yard did not say was that the British government appears to have been co-operating with Bahrain's feudal and repressive ruler, Emir Sheikh Al-Khalifah, in rounding up his opponents.

Exiled Bahraini sources confirm that the deportees are members of the Islamic Front for the Liberation of Bahrain, a tiny Iranian-inspired Shi'ite group opposed to the absolutist rule of the 200-year old Al-Khalifah dynasty.

The affair draws attention to the activities of Bahrain's secret police, the 'Private Department', headed by a Scotsman, Ian Henderson. His principal task is to suppress the main Bahrain opposition, the broad-based Popular Front.

By coincidence, Henderson was 'on holiday' in Britain when the arrests took place. His department employs at least a dozen British officers backed up by ex-Savak agents (the Shah of Iran's secret police) and former Pakistani secret police.

'Deport them all'

The detention of members of the National Union of Bahrainian Students returning to Bahrain from Bahrain is not uncommon and this latest episode further points to active cooperation between the UK Special Branch and Bahrain's 'Private Department'.

Since he was appointed to his position in 1966 (Bahrain was a British protectorate until 1971), Henderson has implemented a 'sweet and sour' policy of repression on behalf of the Al-Khalifahs. But continued feudal rule is heavily dependent on Saudi and American support. The island is now host to two important US bases (it is the main Middle East base for the Rapid Deployment Force) and is a tax haven for dozens of multinational banks. Such is the Emir's contempt for his own people that he recently made a bizarre threat to deport the entire population of 300,000 unless agitation against his rule ceased. ●

The Mirror last Friday swallows the Home Office line

YARD IN SWOOP

EIGHT Shi'ite Moslem militiamen have been arrested in London by Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist squad, it was revealed last night.

The men, held in dawn raids on several addresses, were quizzed about terrorist activities in the Middle East.

Later, orders for their deportation were signed by Home Secretary Leon Brittan, following information supplied by the Foreign Office and the Yard.

The eight men, all from Bahrain...

HIJACK APPEAL

'E American hostages from the ckd TWA jet beg- President Reagan might not to try military action to them.

Mr spokesman Conwell said at a news conference in : "We beseech n Reagan to ref- m any form of ry, or violent

By NICHOLAS DAVIES Foreign Editor

rant deaths among innocent people." Conwell, an oil execu- tive from Houston, Texas, was one of five hostages produced for TV cameras by Nabih Berri, the Lebanese Jus- tice Minister who is act- ing as a spokesman for the Shi'ite...

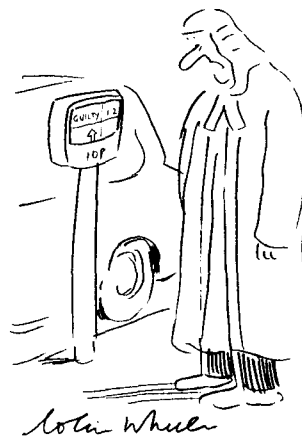
MISCELLANY

Acquisitiveness

The high street battle rages on, as Burton tries to take over Debenhams stores with the help of Terence Conran of Habitat-Mothercare. This is of no great interest to the people in the high street, who might suspect that there was unlikely to be anything in it for them. They would be right. A study in 1982 concluded that there was no evidence that takeovers increase efficiency or lower prices, and that the only explanation for them lies in the 'behavioural' motives of directors and managers 'seeking power, reward, security or even a quiet life' (Stuart Jones, *Successful Management of Acquisitions*). In other words, the directors stand to make a lot of money out of this 'takeover mania'. Debenhams' chairperson Robert Thornton has, according to our Politics of Envy Unit, done very well out of bid speculation pushing up Debenhams' share price. He has (surprise, surprise) a share option scheme, and earlier this year his options were worth £410,400. But his predator, Burton chairperson Ralph Halpern, has share options worth at least £3,252,933 (pre-tax at the highest recent price for Burton shares). If the takeover is successful, Burton shares will hit new highs and he will no doubt achieve power, reward, security and a very quiet life ever after.

Just the ticket

Are the judges at Clerkenwell County Court aiding and abetting crime? We are incapable of even thinking such a thing. But correspondence between the registrar of the court, one S. Martin Samuels, and Islington Council has come into our hands. Samuels complains about the difficulty of parking locally. 'It is most unsatisfactory that the judiciary have to rely on parking meters, and the position with those can be most difficult especially when there are public transport difficulties and on market days.' Ignorance of the law, of course, is no excuse. But *Miscellany* will pass on a friendly little tip. Feeding parking meters is illegal.



A breakthrough!

Who says the *New Statesman* never has any good news? A British bomb test veteran has won a pension of £17.62 a week for cataracts in both eyes which may have been caused by radiation. Michael Saffrey, an RAF wireless operator, took part in nuclear weapons test at Christmas Island in 1958. A pension tribunal decided to allow his application for a war pension 'on the basis that the disability is due to service', but left the amount of the award to be decided by the DHSS. Now Saffrey, who lives in the US, has heard how much he's to get — it's not much, but it's backdated to March 1983. The bad news: the DHSS says it's not a precedent. And the Ministry of Defence says there is no change in its view that no one has sustained any injury from radiation at Britain's 21 atmospheric tests. But it's not our fault government departments can't understand plain logic.

Home, James

What do rich people do? Well, they become *Lloyd's* underwriters and try to get a car phone before anybody else. Take Lord Goodman, at the head of an angry mob of underwriters (a few of) whose millions seem to have disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle. For years he and his brother had been vying for possession of a car phone. Only the brother got there first. But eventually dawned the day when the noble Lord got one too. To mark the occasion he rang his brother's car from his own. The phone was answered by his brother's chauffeur, who explained: 'I'm sorry, your Lordship, your brother is on the other line.'

Spot the MP

You haven't done a quiz for a while, so while Ana Gram is away, try these. Clue: indefatigable parliamentary profiler Andrew Roth this week publishes volume S-Z of his MPs' portraits.

1. Who, although the 'outstanding surviving example of English Camp Baroque' according to the *Guardian's* Michael White, had an Irish mother and a father born on the Greek island of Cephalonia?
2. Which Brechtian matriarch enjoys Sundays in a tub with her husband?
3. Which MP suspects he knows his father's identity?
4. Which MP was divorced for too intimate a liaison with the CBI's Parliamentary Liaison Officer?
5. Which Tory minister said: 'I do not understand that a man living with a woman and sharing her bed should not be responsible for keeping that woman but that the state should?' Answers in *Parliamentary Profiles* vol 4 S-Z (01-930 2677), or on p6.

ECHOES OF POPLAR AND CLAY CROSS FADE IN SOUTH LONDON

TED KNIGHT, leader of Lambeth Council in London and the original architect of the 'no-rate' tactic for confronting ratecapping, now faces disqualification from office and the collapse of his council's defiant stance. Leaving his socialist vanguard precisely nowhere. JOAN SMITH reports

THE RESIGNATION of Labour councillor Mike Bright last weekend means that Lambeth is almost certain to set a rate at its meeting on Wednesday (3 July). Thus the last outpost of the 'no-rate' policy, which Knight skilfully foisted on ratecapped Labour councils earlier this year, will have crumbled, leaving Liverpool and Edinburgh isolated. Liverpool wasn't ratecapped, but would have had to put the rates up 'astronomically' to make up for the Thatcher government's squeeze, and the situation is different in Scotland (see last week's *New Statesman*).

But Knight remained in insouciant mood earlier this week as he awaited the arrival of a letter from the District Auditor outlining the size of the surcharge for the loss caused by the four-month delay in setting a rate. 'There's been no change in policy,' he insisted. 'Bright's resignation is seen as another victim of the pressure

of the State. It's not seen as a major problem.'

Nevertheless, unless at least one member of the opposition fails to turn up at the full council meeting on Wednesday a rate will be set. Two Conservatives, it is true, did not attend the council meeting last month, at which a policy of continued defiance was carried by 32 votes to 30. Even if they had, they could not have tipped the scales because of the casting vote of the mayor.

But the situation will be very different next week. With a real chance of the no-rate policy being over-turned, councillors who fail to attend themselves risk surcharge unless they have a pretty good reason for not turning up. And whether the surcharge is in the region of £250,000 (the District Auditor's letter had still not arrived when we went to press) or the £100,000 which surfaced in persistent rumours at the end of last week, it will be enough to disqualify surcharged councillors from office. If the surcharge is more than £2,000, disqualification from office as a councillor is automatic, although the right to be an MP is not affected unless an individual is also declared bankrupt.

Over the top with Ted

Money is already being raised in Lambeth to fight the District Auditor through the courts. In any High Court action, the District Auditor will have to prove only two things:

that a loss has been incurred, and that it is due to 'wilful misconduct'. It seems likely that he has held back until he is confident of being able to justify both in court.

Knight says the unions, which briefly occupied Lambeth Town Hall last week, 'are preparing plans to move' in response to the District Auditor's letter. How widespread — and what the point of — such action will be remains to be seen. The council has, however, received the support of Matthew Kelly, presenter of the TV show *Game For A Laugh*. Perhaps this is what is constantly referred to in Labour Party resolutions as 'a campaign'.

Since surcharged councillors can remain in office until all possible legal challenges have been exhausted, it is likely that most of Lambeth's Labour councillors may soon find themselves fighting to stay on even though their policy of not setting a rate has been overturned. For Knight, there is nothing odd about this situation. 'The fight that's on now is against the District Auditor,' he says.

Spot the MP answers:

1. Norman St John-Stevas
2. Renee Short
3. Cyril Smith
4. Nicholas Scott
5. David Waddington (immigration minister)

Eastern bloc — dialogue sans frontières

The first edition of the East European Reporter is already circulating in 'samizdat' (being copied and circulated 'underground') in its target countries: Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. This claim was made at the press launch last week of the new magazine, which is aimed at Western journalists, scholars, experts and business people as well trying to spread information across the frontiers of the three countries concerned.

'Obviously we cannot disclose how we got copies into the countries,' says Wiktor Moszczynski, editor of the Polish section, 'but there is already great interest. We hope the second edition will carry contributions from East European readers.'

'You may not think these countries have much in common,' said George Schöpfli, editor of the Hungarian section, 'but the cuisine contains a quantity of cabbage.' He passed on a message of support from the editor of a magazine inside Czechoslovakia, Janos Kis, who wrote: 'There is a great need for the formulation of a common democratic solution to the ethno-national problems of the area which makes transparent their joint endeavour to belong to Europe.'

Jane Thomas

East European Reporter, PO Box 222, London WC2H 9RB. Tel 01-379 6234.

Peace Protests Roll Call (16)

Total arrested to date in UK and Eire: 7,545

Arrests to date by location

Royal Signals and Radar Establishment, Gt Malvern 1

24 May 1985: Carole Virgin arrested after a blockade of base roadway to prevent staff entering. Photographs of the arrest confiscated and film destroyed. The demonstration was to inform local Malvern people that this establishment will be involved in 'Star Wars' technology. On 6 June Carole was fined costs of £10 and given a year's conditional discharge.

Faslane Peace Camp, near Helensburgh, Scotland 7

30 April 1985: Seven people arrested on a 'stop business as usual' demo — an international day of action against the business of militarism and exploitation. Actions had been planned all over the US and Europe. At Faslane Polaris submarine base, an alarm went off triggering a recorded warning on the tannoy: 'Bandit! Bandit! Bandit! Lock all your windows and doors. Put on your hart hats. All doors to be guarded!' In spite of doors being slammed all around them the seven managed to leaflet some sailors before one of their group was rugby tackled by a macho mess chef who promised to 'break his neck' if he moved. Later Dumbarton jail was too full to accept them, so they were returned to Faslane and released pending charges.

Daws Hill, High Wycombe 2

5 and 7 June 1985: Two women were sent to Holloway prison to serve 14-day sentences in default of payment of £75 compensation to the US government for damage done to the Cruise Missile Computer Control Centre at Daws Hill. The women, Blue Joyce and Ann Hodgson, are both from Southampton Cruisewatch.

Alconbury USAF Base 23

9 June 1985: Nine CND protesters from Cambridge arrested and detained

— released later without being charged. Another 14 arrested after painting aircraft with peace slogans. Large areas of fence cut and the base leafleted and posters put up on buildings and hangars accusing the base personnel of conspiracy to commit genocide under the Geneva Convention 1977. **ALCONBURY NINE COURT CASE:** Charges arising from trespass on US Air Force base in April. The Alconbury Nine (now down to Seven)'s defence starts this week. Christian CND held a service outside the court this Monday. Support is needed — financial and moral — please attend Northampton Crown Court for at least one day (case expected to last until Wednesday). Overnight accommodation can be arranged: contact Angela on 0604 32365.

Greenham Common 370

26/27 May 1985: 370 arrested on mass trespass. The majority of people gave no names — administrative chaos resulted. Many women held in solitary confinement and refused travel warrants on their release. At least 10 women have sent statements to the National Council for Civil Liberties about their brutal treatment while in prison.

1 April 1985: Margaret Robinson (73), wife of retired Church of England canon, jailed for 7 days for refusing to pay a fine for trespass under the new by-laws. Seven other women pleaded guilty and were fined £15 and £10 costs at Newbury Magistrates Court or jailed 7 days for not paying. All those pleading not guilty were given court dates to appear in July.

St Mawgan, Cornwall 3

Three women arrested for symbolic 'snowball' cutting of the fence (next time it will be nine) in support of the 'Sculthorpe 243'. Claire Knight, Jill Hodge and Helen Banks were released on bail and have to report to Newquay Police Station on 1 July. All charged with criminal damage.

● Alison Paechter from Nottingham spent a useful week in Risley Remand Centre in April where she served 4 days of a 7-day sentence imposed for non-payment of fines after an Alconbury protest last summer. Friends sponsored her at a daily rate and she raised £450 for Ethiopia — Peace groups in need of funds take note!

Please send new information to **Janey Hulme** at the New Statesman.



PETER KELLNER

Swinging Britain: don't believe the sceptics

IT IS CONFESSION time. Four years ago in this column I introduced readers to the work of Gordon Reece — not the Thatcher image-maker, but a psephologist in Bristol. The SDP had just been formed, and Dr Reece proposed a new way of analysing electoral movements for the three-party era. Out went the two-party swing; in came the multi-party 'proportional loss hypothesis', or PLH. Dr Reece was proposing an intriguing and potentially important way of studying elections; I thought we should air his ideas.

It should have been more cautious. Gradually Dr Reece's theory has gained currency. Earlier this year, a Tory pressure group, Conservative Action for Electoral Reform, published Dr Reece's detailed account of how his model works*. Ronald Butt in *The Times*, Peter Jenkins in the *Guardian* and Samuel Brittan in the *Financial Times* have drawn heavily on it for columns they have written on the subject. David Steel frequently quotes Reece's calculations, translating opinion poll figures into parliamentary seats (which is not surprising: the Alliance does well out of Reece's sums). And last week the *Guardian*, reporting its latest Marplan poll, gave space on its front page to Reece's latest calculations.

In journalism, more than in most human activities, repetition tends to generate legitimacy. For example, I have lost count of the number of times during the past few weeks that Brecon and Radnor has been described as the largest constituency in England and Wales. It isn't: Penrith and the Border is bigger. But nobody seems to have checked, so the fallacy gets recycled.

Nobody has bothered to check Dr Reece's theory either. He is also wrong; it is time to set the record straight before his ideas come to be too widely accepted.

As Dr Reece says, the concept of swing was born in the days when almost everyone was Labour or Tory. If a straight fight in Boomtown Central led to the Conservatives falling from 60 to 55 per cent, and Labour rising from 40 to 45 per cent, that was logged as a five per cent swing from Conservative to Labour. In essence, the traditional 'swing' model of voting was believed to apply to safe Labour seats in the same way as to safe Tory seats: if the Tories started with 70 per cent in one seat and there was a national swing to Labour of five per cent, the Tories would drop to 65 per cent. In a safe Labour seat, the Tories would drop from (say) 20 to 15 per cent.

Not so, says Reece: you must take into account the size of the vote of each party in the first place. If nationally the Tories decline

from 50 to 45 per cent, that should be seen not as a five per cent swing, but as a loss of one tenth of Tory support. The PLH predicts that, on average, that one-tenth calculation may be applied to each seat. So in the safe Tory seat the party would lose seven of its 70 percentage points, whereas in the safe Labour seat it would lose 2 of its 20 per cent support. In a three-party contest, Reece provides a way of allocating these lost votes to the other parties, according to their initial strength.

Reece's theory states that this provides a better way of analysing voting movements from seat to seat, and hence of translating national voting shifts into Parliamentary gains and losses. As Reece says, 'any superiority of the PLH must be in the closeness with which it mimics real-life behaviour'.

JUST SO. The question is: *does* the PLH mimic real-life behaviour better than the traditional swing? Before coming to the evidence, we must first dispose of a logical flaw in Reece's argument. He says that 'it is obvious that [the 'swing' method of computing seats from votes] will not work if there are not two but three serious candidates in each seat'.

No such 'obvious' conclusion may be drawn. The concept of the swing was born in an age of two-dimensional politics, but it is easy to apply it three-dimensionally. If the Conservatives lose 10 points nationally and Labour and the Alliance each gain five points, it causes no great arithmetical problems to apply those uniform shifts to each seat. If Reece's PLH has merit, it derives from empirical evidence rather than from logic.

Reece's pamphlet uses figures from the 1955 general election to support his case. This surprises me. We have had eight general elections since then, and the most recent, two years ago, provides by far the clearest test. Labour's vote fell substantially, from 37.9 per cent to 28.3 per cent. The traditional 'swing' method of looking at the figures calls this a shift away from Labour of 9.6 percentage points — irrespective of the type of seat. Reece calls it a loss of one quarter of Labour's support; his model predicts that where Labour started with 64 per cent, it should have lost one quarter, or 16 points. Where Labour started with 12 per cent, it should have lost three points.

It is not hard to test which theory works best. In 1983 Labour defended 51 seats where its vote at the previous election (after allowing for boundary changes) was more than 60 per cent. Overall Labour lost 8.9 percentage points in those seats — close to the national swing, but barely half what Reece's PLH predicted.

At the other end of the spectrum, there were 86 seats where Labour's 1979 vote was less than 20 per cent. In these seats Labour's vote fell by 6.5 points overall — or almost double the 3.6 points that Reece's model predicted. What is true is that at very low levels of support — below about 15 per cent — Labour's support did fall slightly less than elsewhere. Above 15 per cent, the PLH simply did not work. In the 46 seats where Labour's 1979 vote was 15-20 per cent, the party's share fell by 8 points, only just below the national average.

Of course, there were many seats whose swing varied from these averages. But if we take two constituencies where the swing from Labour was nine per cent — Mid Sussex (1979 Labour vote 15 per cent) and Barnsley West (61 per cent) — then, from the evidence, both seats were typical not just of Britain as a whole, but of other safe Tory and Labour seats. Dr Reece would have us believe the movements in these two constituencies were aberrations. They were in fact quite normal.

Does any of this matter? Not, perhaps, compared with the sweep of political history. But there are two reasons for doing the sums correctly. First, for all the number-crunching that electoral arithmetic involves, those numbers concern people. The better our psephological theory, the better our understanding of the way voters behave.

That is the high-flown democratic case for getting our theory right. There is also a more partisan case. Last week's Marplan poll in the *Guardian* would have provided Britain with 79 Alliance MPs, if the idea of uniform swing were applied to the national figures. But according to Dr Reece's PLH, 115 Alliance MPs would have been elected.

Kingston-upon-Thames is the kind of seat which illustrates the difference. Marplan's figures showed a nine per cent swing from Conservative to Alliance — not quite enough to overturn Norman Lamont's 22 per cent majority. But according to Dr Reece, Lamont would have lost almost one third of his support, proportional to the loss of national support recorded by Marplan. He would have lost 16 of his 54 percentage points, falling to 38 per cent, while the Liberals would have picked up 7 points, rising from 32 to 39 per cent and narrowly giving them the seat.

There are dozens of seats like Kingston, which are significantly more 'winnable' according to Dr Reece's model than according to the concept of uniform swing. The more his figures are quoted uncritically, the more they are likely to be believed, and the more credible the Alliance will become. Not for the first time, the cause of rubbishing the Alliance coincides with the cause of promoting the truth. □

* *Voter representation: a study of the British electoral system and its consequences*; published by CAER, £1.

IS BRECON TO BE A TURNING POINT?

The electors of Brecon and Radnor go to the polls on 4 July. VINCENT HANNA reports from Wales on a by-election that has critical significance for each of the three main political parties



Labour candidate Richard Willey tries out Keir Hardie's chair for size. Tony Benn looks on

A FORTNIGHT AGO I had a drink in the George Hotel, Brecon — small establishment patronised by the Cathedral choir and the Conservative election team. 'What I can't figure out here,' said a Central Office person, 'is how the Welsh telegraph works.' He had a point.

The trouble with this enormous constituency (over 1,000 square miles) is that everybody knows what's going on, but outsiders do not know how they find out. News can travel and opinions form at great speed in Brecon and Radnor: outsiders, though, are not part of the process.

And another thing. Everyone talks constantly about local issues. They dominate the coverage of this by-election. Two major local campaigns have just ended in total victory. All the candidates and the national media have become enmeshed in the process.

The electorate is also extremely cunning. Pat Payne and David Gedge explained it to me. They both conduct choirs and have been up to their necks in the two campaigns. Pat runs the Women's Institute choir and concert party and has been fighting to save St David's Geriatric Hospital at Brecon, which was threatened with closure on economic grounds. There were marches and rallies, many featuring the Women's Institute choir. Their rendering of 'Bless this House' on the day of the mass lobby of the Area Health Authority left scarcely a dry eye. On 6 June the Authority voted to save the hospital. 'I must say the by-election was very useful,' said Pat. 'It meant that the decision was taken in the full glare of publicity. The pressure was enormous. We're very pleased.'

David Gedge teaches at Builth High School, which is a decrepit eye-sore and should have been replaced this year with a new building. On the advice of the independent Audit Commission, Powys County Council 'reconsidered' the plan. There was an uproar and more protest meetings. As with St David's hospital the three main candidates fell over themselves to make positive noises. On 25 June the relevant council committee voted to build the new school. 'We'd be very foolish not to use the by-election to deal with local issues', said David Gedge.

Now it's just possible that the Area Health Authority and the County Council unharassed would have taken the same decision. But few round here believe it. What I can't figure out is whether it will make the slightest difference to the result on 4 July. You have to be connected to the Welsh telegraph to know that.

WHETHER ANY of the candidates will get direct credit for the local campaigns much of the blame will be laid, perhaps unfairly, at the door of Chris Butler, the Conservative candidate. Butler has been upset to discover a by-election truth that candidates carry the image of their party before them like an icon.

'I am not fighting this election on the personality of Mrs Thatcher,' protested Butler at a press conference. 'I am fighting it on my own personality. You are the ones who are slicing me up.' Chris Butler is 34 and describes himself as a 'political researcher' (causing Alan Watkins of the *Observer* at one press conference

John Harris/JEL

to remark: 'But that's not a real job'). He is the third Tory by-election candidate in a row to have a background of work for the Thatcher team in No.10. He is Welsh and although not fluent in the language speaks it better than anyone else in the field (including Janet Davies, the Plaid Cymru candidate).

An unreconstructed monetarist, Butler continues to argue for tax cuts as a government priority. Spending on education and health, he argues, has increased in real terms under this government. There have been no cut-backs. The public perception of tax cuts he blames on opposition propaganda and the media.

The Tories are preparing their alibis. Two Cabinet Ministers have joined in the generally accepted description of the constituency as being 'radical and independent minded'. Used by the party holding the seat this is code for 'I'm sorry but they don't seem to be voting for us.' Butler faces an uphill task in the last week, but if he can halt the slide at about 12,000 votes (a drop of 6,000 from last time) he is in with a chance. But then so is everybody else.

Including Labour. They held the seat for 40 years but on very different boundaries. In 1983 10,000 votes were removed at the southern end of Brecon and Radnor, of which it is estimated that 6,500 were solid Labour. That means that Labour's best performance of the last decade (in 1979 as it happens) has a net adjusted value in this election of 13,100. If Labour can attain or even improve on that vote, it will have an outside chance of taking the seat on a split vote. That is the irony of the Party's position here. To re-establish Labour's dominant role in a two-party system, it must win Brecon and Radnor within the context of three-party politics. It needs the Liberals to take Tory votes, but of course not too many.

RICHARD WILLEY carries the Labour banner. He is 40 and has lived with his family in the area for ten years. The son of a former Labour Cabinet Minister, he is a District Councillor and seems a pleasant, committed young man. I say 'seems' because it's not easy to discover much about his personal beliefs.

The new super Walworth Road by-election campaign team strategy has been to tell him to respond to all questions with a recitation of Labour Party policy. This may make electoral sense, but it tends to create boring press conferences. Pressed about a public meeting with Tony Benn he beams and says he stands by Party policy. He is reminded that Mr Benn wishes to nationalise land. 'I support Labour Party policy on that,' replies Dr Willey. 'Which of Mr Benn's ideas do you most disagree with?' asks another. 'I am fighting this election on Labour Party policy,' says Dr Willey.

Left alone he seems quite capable of looking after himself and some of the Tory professionals privately reckon that he's a good candidate. It's hard to understand why he is being 'minded' so much. At his early press conference, Willey was prompted and protected by a variety of politicians, which made him look uncomfortable and insecure.

But in Labour traditional areas Willey's vote seems to be holding up. There was great enthusiasm, and the largest crowd of the campaign so far, for the Tony Benn rally last Thursday in the Miners' Welfare Ystradgynlais. Cynics remarked on the number



John Harris/JFL

Dr Willey tries to connect to the 'Welsh telegraph'. Here, a visit to Cross Keys Playgroup

of huge Benn rallies they had attended in otherwise disastrous election campaigns of the last few years but the mood seemed different this time. Dennis Skinner MP went canvassing outside a local factory and was surprised to find that women workers who would have ignored him in 1983 were now taking leaflets and stickers.

But it is difficult to see where in Brecon and Radnor Labour can find enough votes to win *without* a careful offsetting act by Tory and Liberal voters. Maybe this is why there is so much concern in the offices of the two traditional parties with the welfare of each other.

'I am fighting this election on Labour Party policy.'

— Richard Willey

MEANWHILE Richard Livsey and the Alliance election team drift on, taking chunks out of the Tory vote and sounding more confident by the day.

Livsey is one of those archetypal rural Liberals one meets frequently at by-elections. They were once described to me as 'tall, gaunt men with water-proofs and strong shoes, who have spent many years losing deposits and striding about the countryside, carrying petitions about acid rain and rights-of-way.' Livsey is 50, teaches at an Agricultural College and farms a small-holding in West Wales. He is earnest, serious and sounds Welsh. Which is important.

His strength is that he seems to understand that 'Welsh telegraph' better than the others. He peppers his canvassing with references to mutual friends or relatives. Almost everybody in the southern end of the constituency seems to have been taught by his mother at Talgarth. He even discovered an aunt in St David's hospital.

If Livsey is untutored in the rough and tumble of campaigning and ignorant about

detailed policy, it hardly matters. By-election candidates can get by without such virtues provided they can avoid making mistakes or looking foolish as the Alliance candidates did in the last parliamentary elections at Darlington and Chesterfield.

Livsey has gone wrong only when he has been manipulated by the Liberal by-election team, led by celebrated activists like Andy Ellis and Peter Chegwin — amiable fellows both, but who cannot see a political belt without wishing to hit below it. At the weekend they distributed a leaflet which said nice things about their candidate, including the fact that he was 'a family man'. It added 'Richard is the *only* major party candidate in this election with a secure family background'.

Both the other main candidates were upset about the implied slur on their personal lives and demanded an apology. Livsey had a difficult press conference about it — at first refusing to apologise, then trying to divert attention and finally apologising to everybody unreservedly.

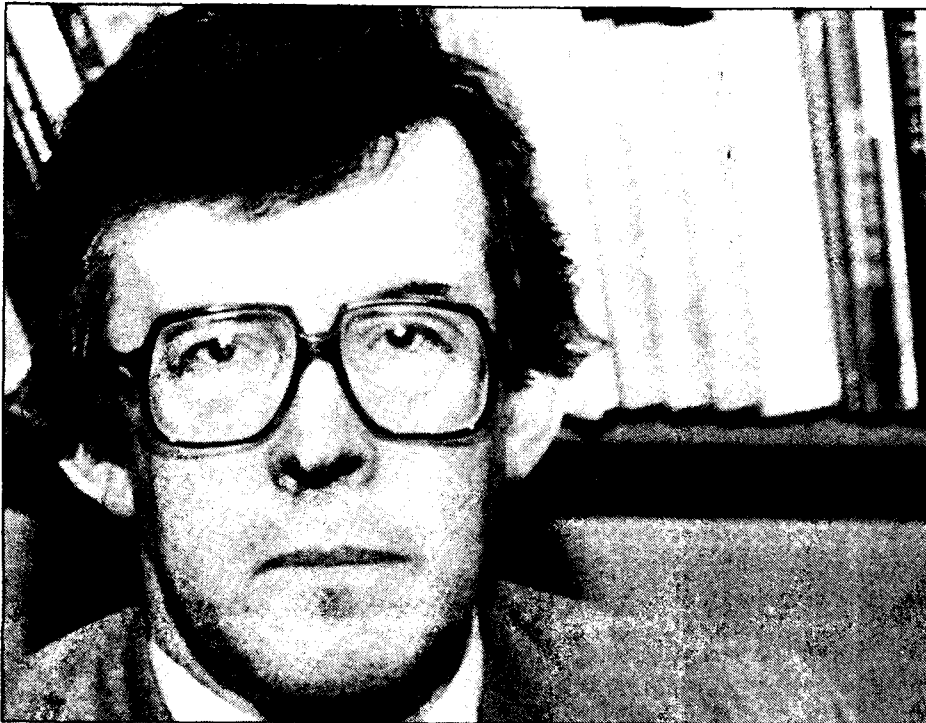
If the Liberal tactics are in character, their political task here is unusual. Much of their strength in Wales and the South West is based on establishing themselves as the alternative to the Tories. In some areas they have, in effect, replaced the Labour Party.

Their problem is that their great by-election victories of the past were all based on a decline in the Labour vote as well as that of the Tories. In Brecon and Radnor the Labour vote looks like holding firm, indeed Richard Willey may get back some of the votes lost to the Alliance at the 1983 general election. If that happens, Richard Livsey will need to collect at least a third of the 1983 Tory vote to win. And that would be a feat of Hillhead or Croydon proportions.

AND WILL the local issues decide it?

I asked Pat Payne and David Gedge whether they would be changing their vote this time because of the local campaigns to which they have been dedicated. 'Certainly not,' they told me. 'We have our own personal beliefs. They count for a lot round here. Everyone knows that.'

Everyone connected to the Welsh telegraph that is. □



Daily Record

INSTANT PUNDITRY

The spate of attacks on aeroplanes has been a field-day for experts on terrorism. Professor Paul Wilkinson (above) is one of the select band. ROB EDWARDS introduces him

'THE EXPERT: Terrorism's the name of the game for Paul the Prof. Thus Paul Wilkinson, Professor of International Relations at Aberdeen university, was introduced to readers of Scotland's *Daily Record* last year.

The Prof had become so well-known — his honeyed voice on the radio, his donnish face on the television, his ready-made quotes in the press — that a tabloid felt it necessary to produce a profile. Its somewhat sycophantic tone should have surprised no one. The media is so dependent on Wilkinson that he is nearly always referred to in glowing terms ('a world authority on terrorism' says the *Christian Science Monitor*, 'the Clark Kent of broadcasting' says BBC Radio Scotland).

He is perhaps the most pre-eminent member of one of Britain's most select and influential clubs: the media pundits — a familiar bunch of academics, journalists and researchers who are wheeled into television or radio studios at the drop of a hat to pronounce instant verdicts on the news of the day. Wilkinson is particularly popular as he is always ready to provide a three minute off-the-cuff analysis of terrorism — the IRA, the Brighton bombing, the Libyan Embassy siege, Lebanon, the Red Brigades, ETA, any hijacks, bombings or security problems anywhere. You name it, he's an expert on it, a testament to broadcasting's voracious need for fluent comments, however banal.

'The objective study of political violence' is how he describes his main pursuit. His writings on the subject have constantly stressed the

dangers of oversimplification, yet his much-trumpeted 'solutions' seem no more than clichés cloaked in the garb of academic respectability. Would anyone with any common sense disagree that there should be a concerted international effort to combat terrorism, that democracies must act against terrorists within the law, and that nations should not submit to terrorist blackmail?

Wilkinson is also treated as an authority on most other political issues. In a lengthy interview with the Italian *Nouva Enciclopedia*, published in 1981, he sounded off on monetarism (he's against it), neo-Keynesianism (he's for it), unemployment, North Sea oil, the National Front, and the Brixton riots. He discussed the formation of the Social Democratic Party with an analysis of the Left which was pretty naive. 'Our traditional Labour Party', he informed Italians, 'is being taken over by Leninists'. But in the end he emerges, not as the ill-informed right-wing ogre that some suspect, but as a political liberal with a talent for making unremarkable ideas sound freshly authoritative.

One of the roles Wilkinson frequently plays is that of the independent academic giving his supposedly detached and objective view on nuclear disarmament. Yet he is an active member of the Conservative Party, a self-confessed enthusiast for multilateral arms control and a supporter of cruise and Trident. He espouses the rather simplistic belief that the best way of forcing the Soviet Union to the negotiating table is to develop new weapons

systems. He is very critical of the Labour Party's non-nuclear defence policy.

This conflict of roles has greatly annoyed Scottish CND, who have been fighting a running battle with Glasgow's Radio Clyde over its continual use of Wilkinson as an 'impartial' commentator on programmes about nuclear weapons. SCND General Secretary Margaret Morton has argued that his commitment to a particular political position makes it wrong to use him in this way. She has suggested that it would be better to choose other academics, like Professor John Erickson from Edinburgh University, or Dr David Greenwood from Aberdeen University, neither of whom are at all sympathetic to SCND's policies.

Radio Clyde has been cynically dismissive of SCND's complaints, saying that it was satisfied that Wilkinson was 'sufficiently objective'. Ms Morton has since discovered that Wilkinson is a member of the Independent Broadcasting Authority's Scottish Advisory Committee (he retires at the end of this month), a situation she regards as 'quite intolerable', in a supposedly impartial organisation. In fact, it seems to point to Wilkinson's comfortable niche in the broadcasting establishment, rather than anything politically sinister.

Wilkinson himself takes a relaxed approach to these kinds of accusations. He expects hostility from CND because of his 'strongly multilateralist position' and defends his media role as a provider of factual information and comment. He describes himself as a 'left-wing Tory' and points out that he is a definite wet when it comes to social and economic issues.

He spoke at a Tory Reform Group fringe meeting at last year's Tory party conference in support of proportional representation (though in a caricature analysis of the Marxist threat he also addressed a fringe meeting on how to spot, and weed out subversives). To the dismay of some Tory MPs, he appeared as a party member critical of the Right on the controversial *Panorama* programme about extreme right-wing attempts to infiltrate the Tory party. In his writings on terrorism he has always condemned violence from the extreme Right as well as the extreme Left.

'If you want a view as to where I stand', he says, 'you should talk to Sir Ian Gilmour or Ted Heath'. He sees himself primarily as an academic researcher and insists that he has no political ambition — although he did stand (unsuccessfully) as an 'independent' candidate in Stonehaven in last year's district council elections.

It is not hard to find academics who are privately concerned about Wilkinson's behaviour. By being so obviously partisan on defence issues, there is anxiety that he is compromising some notion of academic objectivity. It is also said that he exaggerates his contacts and influence in order to impress. Some of those who know him are even less polite, accusing him of deliberately ingratiating himself with the great and the good. 'He's the kind of guy', said one, 'who puts his invitation cards on the mantelpiece'.

Wilkinson spent six years as a regular officer in the Royal Air Force before, in 1966, he joined the staff of University College, Cardiff, as an assistant lecturer in politics. In 1977, by which time he had become a senior politics lecturer, he

ran into trouble with the student union for his behind-the-scenes campaign to establish an Officers' Training Corps at the university. In 1979 he moved to Aberdeen.

He has written more than half a dozen books, or pamphlets, and dozens of magazine and newspaper articles on terrorism and defence, some of them provoking strong criticism. One of his most recent works, *The New Fascists*, was given a very mixed review by David Edgar in the *New Statesman* (20 November 1981). He has written a couple of booklets for the renowned right-wing organisation, the Institute for the Study of Conflict. Since 1978 he has been a civilian consultant at the Police Staff College in Bramshill, helping in the training of police anti-terrorist squads.

A journalist who interviewed him once could not get over the accidental way his glasses reflect the light, making it impossible to see his eyes — and hence difficult to judge his character. He certainly can create startlingly different impressions. When the *New Statesman*, after several attempts, eventually managed to speak to him over the telephone, he was politeness itself, smooth-tongued, urbane and charming. Yet earlier, when he had refused to be interviewed because he was 'too busy', his secretary had carefully passed on his blunt warning: 'If you are going to print anything that could be construed as libellous, I will definitely sue'.

CENSORSHIP

CHANNEL 4 REPORT BANNED

JOHN ELLIS describes how a programme was pulled by the IBA at the last moment without explanation

LAST WEDNESDAY, the Independent Broadcasting Authority banned a programme three hours before it was due to be transmitted on Channel 4. The IBA condemned the whole programme under its guidelines governing 'taste and decency', despite the fact that the programme had been accepted for transmission by Channel 4 itself after minor cuts agreed by the producers.

The programme was *Visions's* report on *Brazil: Cinema, Sex and the Generals*, a detailed investigation of, ironically, the effects of political censorship on Brazilian film-makers under the military regime. Its central thesis was that film-makers who were forbidden to produce social realist critical films had instead colonised the peculiarly Brazilian genre of *pornochanchada* and made political points through the medium of acceptable soft porn films. Clips from some of these soft-core films were shown in the programme, and these are what the IBA objected to.

At the same time on ITV (11pm) the feature film *Ghost Story* (1981) was being shown. It included scenes of erotica (or pornography?) like a couple bathing together as a form of

foreplay; and its covert intention (as in many such 'horror' films) was to make a connection between a woman's active sexuality and the acts of violence later in the film. As ITV is equally within the remit of the IBA's censorious activities, it is perhaps reasonable to ask why this film, too, was not censored.

There are several possible explanations. But it would be a mistake to indulge in such speculations since the *practice* of this censorship makes it an idle luxury. The IBA, like every body in Britain entrusted with censorship, does not have to justify its actions in any way that is useful to those who suffer their consequences. The IBA is answerable to no one for its specific actions, and only to Parliament in the most general possible manner. Its staff are therefore able to exercise their whims as they see fit. This particular case of the last-minute suppression of *Visions* seems to have been one of their sloppiest pieces of work so far. As there was nothing in the film that has not appeared in other films already shown on British TV (in both the producers' and Channel 4's opinion), it is also an arbitrary act of censorship which bodes ill for the future.

The offending *Visions* programme is to be shown at the National Film Theatre on Friday at 6.15pm, to an audience including some of the film-makers whose work appears in it, so one opportunity for public debate does exist. And, already, two lines of debate are emerging. The first is about the extraordinary complacency of the British press in the face of one of the most bungled acts of censorship in the recent history of broadcasting. Although the story appeared over the Press Association wire service on Thursday morning (under the heading 'IBA bans programme on censorship'), *not one single national newspaper* carried the story on Friday morning. It could have been a story in its own right — as it would have been if the press were the watch dog of our freedoms — or it could have been appended to reports on the Lord's judgment in the *Scum* case (where Their Lordships decided that the IBA was a fit body to censor TV programmes!)

But no reporter or editor could see the irony

here. It was left to *Libération* in Paris to break the story with a three-column feature, closely followed by a full page on the affair in Rio's *Jornal do Brasil*.

Once the hard-news value had paled, the Diarists fell on it — or rather had their attention dragged towards it. They could grasp that something was at stake; but were willing to carry the story only if they were given an exclusive on it. So it remained for Peter Fiddick in Monday's *Guardian* Media Page to begin to draw out the implications, plus, of course, Channel 4's *Right to Reply*.

The press's attitude seemed to have been governed mainly by a concern to stop their competitors getting the story, rather than by any concern to inform their own readers. And there was the distinct sense, too, that this was a programme about 'a faraway country about which we know little'.

Such casual chauvinism was probably behind the IBA's capricious last-minute action. *Visions* has always designed its coverage of world cinema to counter such chauvinism. But in this particular case, another set of attitudes came into play as well: the criteria for censorship operated by the IBA. *Visions* use of film extracts had taken them out of their narrative context in order to put them in a context of critical debate: arguably, this would defuse their erotic potential by eliminating the 'build-up' that is so much a feature of soft porn or erotica's address to its audience.

But for the IBA, it seems, to show excerpts in debate was 'gratuitous', whereas to show them as part of a complete narrative (with all of the implications of voyeurism for its viewers) would be permissible. This turns any real understanding of the effects of soft porn on its head. And in doing so, a responsible debate about censorship and soft pornography has been stifled. It seems, too, that the press, also concerned to stifle such a debate about the contents of their own pages, are complicit in this action.

John Ellis is co-producer of Visions and writes regularly for the New Statesman Mediawatch column.

Provincial Newspapers



and New Technology

National Graphical Association (1982)

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'BE CAREFUL WITH DOGS'

JOLYON JENKINS reveals extracts from confidential instructions to Immigration Officers on how to avoid adverse publicity for the way they work

THERE ARE it seems virtually no civil liberties for those that the Home Office thinks are *probably* illegal immigrants. They can be locked up indefinitely on the say so of quite junior officials, and this is a purely 'administrative' matter. (In one recent case a man was 'administratively' imprisoned for a whole year for alleged overstaying.) Unless detainees are actually charged with an offence they can't even apply for bail. By contrast, bail is granted quite freely in criminal cases where the offence is much more serious. The Home Office dislikes the comparison:

This connection of criminal offences with those who are by definition outside the legal system may not appear valid but is not easy to refute.

This is the official voice of the Immigration and Nationality Department (IND), as set down in chapter 35 of the *General Instructions to the Immigration Service*. It warns immigration officers who might be thinking of giving 'temporary release' to alleged illegal entrants:

The main objective of most illegal entrants is to remain in the United Kingdom . . . and it is not difficult to hide themselves away in their communities or to change identities.

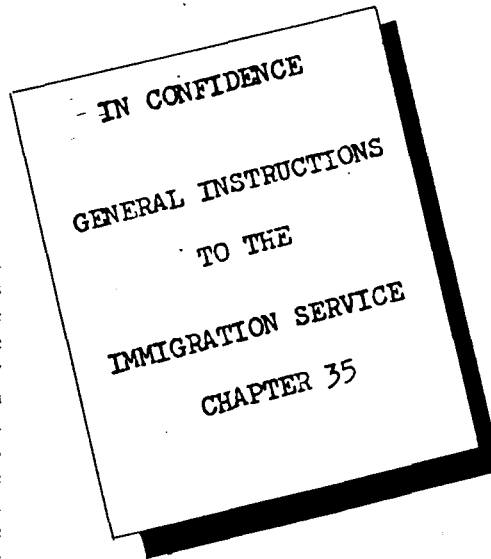
Common criminals are, by implication, quite unable to hide in their communities or change their names. The first passage quoted, with its chilling notion that people on British soil can be somehow 'outside the legal system' and the second one, with its implicit assumption that illegal entrants are Asians (presumably we're not talking about Australians 'hiding themselves away' among fellow Antipodeans in Earls Court) are typical of chapter 35. It's the most secret section ('published under separate cover') of a not-terribly-secret instruction manual which deals with the 'sensitive' area of internal immigration control — the apprehension, deportation and removal of overstayers and illegals.

The term 'sensitive' appears frequently in chapter 35. Time and again the IND shows itself to be desperately worried about its public image. It appears to be necessary to warn immigration officers to leave out of their reports:

Jargon, humorous asides and subjective opinions because:

Home Office files relating to illegal entrants are seen frequently by ministers . . . and can be called for where representations are made, in writ cases or where the Parliamentary Commissioner for the Administration is involved.

And not just them. One of the most



embarrassing discoveries by the Commission of Racial Equality when it investigated the IND was the crassly racist remarks in the files.

Raids by police and immigration officers are another 'sensitive' area:

A number of areas have caused particular concern in the past . . . the most important one is where suspects are arrested by the police or detained by immigration officers and are then subsequently released on production of a passport.

THE USE OF dogs also makes for bad PR; a fact that may have to be drummed into the heads of the police:

Where at the briefing stage the use of dogs is proposed, it should be pointed out to the police that Ministers have expressed concern and that complaints of an emotive nature are almost inevitable.

In fact the problem for immigration officers of keeping on good terms with the police exercises the minds of the authors of chapter 35 greatly, particularly when immigration officers participate in what is chiefly a police operation:

Responsibility for the operation rests with the police, but officers in charge should not hesitate to bring to the notice of the police any sensitive issues which might attract criticism.

One such sensitive matter is what time you make the raid:

Attendance at a very early hour can be effective but the 'dawn raid' is a term frequently used in complaints.

Apparently the police sometimes see things differently. The solution is simple:

Full and frank discussions by officers who are in regular personal contact will usually find a way through the problem.

On the other hand,

Formal and bureaucratic contact will be likely to have the opposite effect.

The concern about PR seems to be founded on a fear that if the Immigration Service oversteps

the mark it will lose the powers it already has. There is, for instance, a ban on 'fishing expeditions' — investigations in which officers will net some illegal immigrants rather than inquiries into named suspects. The ban has not always been obeyed and the manual says:

Failure to conform with this will be likely to result in the curtailment of involvement in the investigatory process.

Elsewhere it warns:

The immigration officer's power of arrest and detention are under continual scrutiny and attack, particular when persons are detained and subsequently released because they were not after all illegal entrants. It is preferable to risk an occasional illegal entrant absconding rather than . . .

Rather than risk incarcerating innocent people? No:

... rather than to put the whole of our practices at risk.

IT IS CLEAR that the law does have checks which frustrate the immigration department. If its function is to root out all suspect immigrants, the law given it by parliament — the 1971 Immigration Act — does not include obstructive civil rights. Prosecution for an immigration offence is a generally messy business, needing evidence. The IND usually prefers administrative removal or deportation. These allow it to carry out its function without being accountable to parliament's laws. Chapter 35 complains that most of the offences have to be committed 'knowingly'. For example:

The offence of harbouring either an illegal entrant or an overstayer sounds more effective than it has proved to be. The snag once again lies in proving 'knowingly'.

The IND has other rules of its own which it is anxious to keep private. It operates a concession whereby an illegal entrant who avoids detection for ten years is given an amnesty (except where there are 'substantial countervailing factors', such as a 'notably poor work record' — which is odd, since the whole point of strict immigration control is supposed to be that there isn't enough work to go round). Although the ten-year rule is fairly well-known, chapter 35 says:

NB: No reference should be made to this concession outside the Department.

Neither should immigration officers let secrets come out in court when they are giving evidence:

In circumstances where disclosures in open court of confidential information . . . would be contrary to the public interest, the Court should be told this . . . If this is not accepted permission (should) be asked for an opportunity to refer the matter to Headquarters.

The Judges' Rules on the treatment of suspects apply to immigration officers as well as police: when formal charges are likely to be brought, suspects should be cautioned in the normal way. The instructions point this out, but with a rider:

District Inspectors should advise staff against over-zealous use of the formal caution, in case co-operation is needlessly inhibited.

BY THE TIME one reaches section 35.6.4 on investigations into suspected marriages of convenience, it's not surprising to read:

It is emphasised that these enquiries must be conducted with great care as they cover a sensitive area of the immigration control and are bound to come under critical scrutiny from certain quarters. Immigration officers have to look at a number of factors: A primary factor is whether a religious as well as civil ceremony has been gone through . . . Many Sikh, Moslem and Hindu girls . . . do not regard themselves as married and will not consummate the marriage until the appropriate religious ceremony has been performed. Any marriage can be rendered void through willful non-consummation and . . . a civil ceremony followed by an annulment is little more than breaking an engagement . . . Absence of subsequent consummation and cohabitation will often indicate that it is a paper marriage only, although the physical side of the marriage should not be discussed unless both volunteer information on the subject.

Sometimes the trappings of cohabitation may be provided without the substance and a girl of immoral character may well be prepared to provide evidence of consummation as part of whatever bargain has been struck. It is useful to know, therefore . . . the background of the female partner. Women with criminal backgrounds or with a history of known or suspected prostitution are far more likely than others to accept bribes or to go through a ceremony of marriage and perhaps thereafter maintain a pretence of cohabitation for a limited period.

Leon Brittan has spoken publicly about the possibility of making the General Instructions available to the public. Can he really release chapter 35 in its present form? ☐

IRELAND

LABOUR GOES DOWN AGAIN

CONOR RYAN reports on a disastrous election result for the junior coalition partner

IRELAND'S LABOUR Party, an uneasy partner in Fine Gael's coalition government, seems to be in terminal decline in urban areas. Its poor performance in local elections last week puts in question the survival of the coalition as well as the future direction of Ireland's Left. The elections held in the Republic on 20 June gave Labour 7.9 per cent of the vote, shifting the party from its respectable if minority third party status to that of a rump organisation.

The results followed last year's European Elections defeats, when Labour lost all four of its seats in the European Parliament. In these elections, for all local councils in Ireland, Labour did especially badly in urban areas, polling fewer votes in Dublin than the marxist Workers' Party. Such a result had seemed inevitable for some time, but will be seen as a decisive nail in the coffin already prepared for the Party by political pundits.

The Workers' Party, commonly known as the Stickies, emerged from Official Sinn Fein in the seventies, when the Left in the IRA condemned

what it saw at the reactionary nationalism of the Provisionals and opted to go it alone as a political party. Since then, the Workers' Party has gradually increased support, holding two Irish Parliament seats and, with these results, causing a major shift in the Left vote.

It won only 3.3 per cent of last week's vote, but this was concentrated in the important towns, winning them a moral-boosting clutch of new seats. Apart from gains in Dublin, the Workers' Party also topped the poll in Galway City, in a ward where Labour's charismatic chairperson, Michael D. Higgins, was standing, and in Waterford where it outpolled Labour.

The elections were in constituencies drawn up by a Labour Party minister, Liam Kavanagh, and had been postponed for a year to allow the introduction of new boundaries. Neither the new boundaries, nor the delay, were any help to Labour. Hostility to the harsh economic policies of Dr Garret FitzGerald — unemployment is now 17 per cent — has grown, especially amongst the urban working class. Labour, as a governmental partner, bore the main brunt of that reaction. Fine Gael's vote also fell, to 30 per cent.

For the major opposition party, Fianna Fail, there were substantial gains. Its vote went up to 45.8 per cent, boosting Charles Haughey's hopes of an imminent return as Premier. But while the results are now providing fuel for Fianna Fail's attacks on the government, there was little to distinguish it from Fine Gael in its campaign spending, its style of election pledges, or, indeed, its approach to monetarist economics.

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SS5

IT SEEMS CERTAIN that Labour's place in the coalition government will now be called into question. The strains in this alliance with Garret FitzGerald's Fine Gael have increased as Fine Gael has adopted a more vehement right-wing ideology. Though it remains outwardly liberal on some social issues, it is deeply conservative on the economy.

With unemployment so high and an increase in the frustration of young people, in a country where half the population is under 30, the Labour Party has been seen as irrelevant by many potential supporters.

Labour's political hold has always been precarious. It never won more than 17 per cent of the national vote — and that back in 1969 on a go-it-alone strategy. The party's identity has been curious since it was founded, owing more to the radicalism of the old land campaigns than to the revered trade union figures like Connolly and Larkin for its actual support. As a result, Labour has relied on conservative rural deputies whose policies often succeeded where those of the urban Left failed at party conferences.

The Workers' Party, Sinn Fein and independent socialists have gained from Labour's muddled identity. In particular, the Workers' Party benefited from a tightly-disciplined and strong organisation, which the Labour Party has lacked. A blow to hopes of improved organisation came on Sunday when the General Secretary, 42-year-old Colm O'Briain announced he was quitting. He had done the job for two years, bringing to it a flair from his work in the arts and media world, as a TV producer and director of the Arts Council, which Labour badly needed. He could not tolerate the frustrating rigidity of a party bureaucracy which eschews real progress.

For Labour's young leader and deputy Prime Minister, Dick Spring, the options seem few. He argues that to leave Coalition now would cause a general election from which Labour would lose out even more. He has been publicly putting a brave face on defeat. But at the next Administrative Council meeting in mid-July, the pressure will be on from Labour's Left who have been long predicting the Workers' Party gains — they will say that, without certain minimum achievements, to remain would be an even surer form of suicide for Labour. □

Conor Ryan is a former editor of Labour Left in Ireland.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□ A London taxi driver was fined £75 yesterday for ejecting a passenger whom he suspected of being a socialist. — *The Times* (Russell Holmes)

□ The Post Office has announced the formation of a 50-strong squad of 'SAS' type troubleshooters to sort out mail problems — amid hints that postal charges are set to rise again. — *Lancashire Evening Telegraph* (George Moor)



Shah blows the hacks' minds

Francis Wheen

WHAT ROUGH beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Fleet Street to be born?

Well, it has several names. Eddie Shah's market researchers are calling it the *Daily Globe*, but that's not its real title. Most papers simply refer to it as the *Daily Shah* for the time being. To be provocative, I shall call it by the name which I think will eventually be adopted — *Today*.

Eddie Shah is a man who inspires such loathing and adulation that hardly anyone has calmed down for long enough to examine seriously his proposal to bring out a seven-days-a-week newspaper. The Left froths at the mouth and shouts 'union-basher', which is all very well but not hugely illuminating.

The members of his fan club — Paul Johnson, for instance — also froth at the mouth, but with excited anticipation: the print unions are going to be taught a lesson, and Fleet Street will enter the 20th century at last. Derek Jameson's manic article in the *Guardian* last Friday was typical of the arm-waving that passes for discussion on this subject: 'Mr Shah was preaching revolution. He stepped into the enemy camp with news of an electronic bag of tricks that is going to blow the Street as we know it to smithereens . . . Eddie Shah has unveiled a new range of electronic tricks that blow the mind of old hot metal hacks like myself. . . ' (I had always been under the impression that Derek Jameson's mind was blown many years ago, but let that pass.)

Amid the hysteria, some important questions have gone unasked. The most obvious is this: will the paper succeed? Both Left and Right seem to take this as a foregone conclusion. Shah has dazzled everyone with his messianic zeal and his statistics. Forty pages on weekdays, 16 of them with full colour pictures and 16 with spot-colour! With a circulation of 1,500,000 it could make money even if it carried no advertisements!

No wonder Derek Jameson is wetting himself ('Any jobs going?' he asked Shah at an Institute of Journalists meeting last week). No wonder, too, that some union leaders have assumed that they had better learn to live with Shah. As long ago as March the then general secretary of Sogat '82, Bill Keys, was saying that 'our union will certainly make overtures to Mr Shah. I'm not going to put a fence round him'. Two weeks ago Jake Ecclestone, deputy general secretary of the NUJ, met Brian MacArthur, editor-designate of *Today*, for a 'friendly, informal chat'.

What most people have ignored is that Shah has released enough figures to whet the appetite but not enough to allow anyone to do any independent costings. At the moment, we

only have his word for it that the paper will break even on sales of 300,000.

More importantly, there has been much talk about electronic tricks and fleets of delivery vans, but hardly a whisper about the actual contents of *Today*. Yet people won't be buying it because they approve of its smart German printing presses; they'll buy it — if they do — because of what's in it. Everyone concerned is being utterly vague. 'Somewhere between the *Mail* and the *Express* on the one hand and the *Telegraph* on the other,' according to Brian MacArthur. Tony Holden, who's editing the weekend editions, is no more informative, hoping 'to deal with serious subjects . . . in a way that will appeal as much to top-of-the-market readers as to middle-market readers'. Attaboy.

Despite Shah's reputation as a darling of the Right — last year he was given an 'award for courage' from the Ross McWhirter Foundation, no less — my suspicion is that his paper's politics will be roughly Social Democratic, in the David Owen mould. MacArthur himself is the archetypal muddled-middle person, having voted for a different party at each of the last three general elections. Tony Holden was a candidate for the editorship of the *New Statesman* last time round. Philip Jacobson, *Today's* roving international reporter, is a first-rate, left-leaning foreign correspondent. None of these characters is likely to win any awards from the Ross McWhirter Foundation. They are all at least semi-serious about journalism.

How then, I wonder, do they react to the dummy issue of their paper, which leads on a story headed 'What's In The Stars For Di'? And how do they feel about Shah's comment that he would like to see a paper that has 'football match pictures in colour, a full-colour weather map, a front-page picture that your readers enjoy, the latest Royal tour colour pictures'? When the paper gets going, choices will continually have to be made between, say, a piece by Philip Jacobson on El Salvador and a bit of colourful piffle about some soap opera. Something will have to give.

I wouldn't be foolish enough to suggest that Shah's paper is *bound* to fail. But it's perfectly possible. Papers which start with a bang sometimes go out with a whimper. *Now!* magazine was based on the reasonable idea that Britain had not hitherto had a colourful news magazine, and that it ought to have one; and we all know what happened to that. The more I hear Derek Jameson raving about the whirlwind from Warrington, the more convinced I become that there is room for much more scepticism about the project's chances than has hitherto been displayed, both by Shah's enemies and by his friends. □

DIARY

Denis MacShane

Tokyo

Japan is approaching the 40th anniversary of the war's end in Asia with considerably more detachment than those who organized the hoopla in Europe early in May. I tried asking every Japanese I met whether the anniversary had any meaning and, irrespective of their political views, the answer was no. The cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will stage moving ceremonies, as they do each August, but there will be no visits by President Reagan to honour war dead or pay respects to the most memorable example of American high technology ever to arrive in Japan. I checked with the US, Soviet and British embassies to see if there were any plans for the former wartime allies to commemorate VJ day. Again, the answer was no, though the British spokesperson said that a few widows of British soldiers would fly out to visit war graves. The men who fought in Asia used to complain they were 'the forgotten army'. It appears that those who died fighting or in the atomic blasts are still to be left largely unremembered by the political leaders who wallowed in the self-satisfied and self-serving parades and anniversary celebrations in Europe.

For the Japanese the preservation of the memory of each soldier who gave his life for the Emperor overseas is of key importance. One of the calmest oases of green just above the Imperial Palace is the Yasukuni shrine which does not normally feature on the guided tours of Tokyo. Here, as a notice in English tells the overseas visitor, the names of 2.5 million Japanese who died in military service are recorded. Their lives were lost in 'wars, rebellions and other incidents', which is one way of summing up the 80 years of Japanese military activities separating the birth of modern Japan in 1868 and the dropping of the atomic bombs in 1945. Korea and Taiwan became Japanese colonies at the end of the 19th century, imperial Russia was defeated in 1904, while the invasion of China from 1931 onwards cost more than 10 million Chinese lives. The picture gallery near the Meiji shrine celebrating the first half century of modern Japan shows almost nothing except giant canvasses of military deeds. There is no guilt, nor shame in the families who come to the Yasukuni shrine. Even the hanged war leader, Tojo, has been enshrined at Yasukuni as a martyr.

Frank Tuohy, the novelist, who lives and teaches in Tokyo, told me that it is impossible for a *gaijin*, a foreigner, to comprehend the Japanese ethic. Certainly the old spirit of imperial Japan, *fukoku kyōhei* — 'economic wealth, armed might' — appears to have dropped the second half of the slogan. The Japanese government has politely resisted the urgings of Washington to take Japanese defence spending above the self-imposed limit of 1 per

cent of GNP. There is strong public support for the Japanese ban on nuclear weapons and arms exports. The Japanese army is called the ground self-defence force and cannot serve overseas. Even a tank is known as a 'special vehicle', so reluctant is the system to acknowledge that there is a trained, well-equipped soldiery in Japan. Still, the daily pressure on Japan to rearm, or in the weasel words of a recent US Senate resolution 'to bear a fair share of the common defence burden', gets ever more intense. I reckon the test will be the Philippines. When the rebels there finally confront US troops — a matter of 24 months at the outside — Washington is likely to call in help from its Japanese ally. There will be room yet in the Yasukuni shrine for new names.

On the economic wealth front the Japanese are still a long way ahead. This is my fifth visit here and the contrast between the image of Japan as a place of stillness, silent contemplation and miniature beauty never corresponds to the street noise, café laughter and endless loudspeakers telling you what to do. Still impressive are well-dressed, well-fed, confident hordes of Japanese in the city streets. The videos, cars, Walkmen on sale in the high streets of Britain and America help, in some part, to make Japan prosperous though Japan exports a lower percentage of what is made in the country than does Britain. Apart from Scotch, Dunhill watches and Burberry raincoats, I could find no

ROGER WODDIS

Up for grabs

'Anger at Nicaragua land grab' — Times headline to story of the Sandinista government's agrarian reform programme, which has given 4¼ million acres to landless peasants

How can we sit here, uncaring, half-canned,
Lavishing praise on the Wimbledon winners,
While greedy Nic peasants are nicking the land
And destitute landowners choke on their dinners?

Enrique Bolanos has called it 'revenge',
An act of pure evil by devilish masters,
Worse than the bloodiest scenes at Stonehenge,
More horrid than hijacks or airline disasters.

Honour and decency lie in the ditch,
Anger explodes at the property takers;
What can compare with the wrath of the rich
Deprived by the poor of their God-given acres?

The struggle is stark and more clearly defined
With every dark day that stormily passes:
Either we side with the truly refined,
Or throw in our lot with the labouring classes.

Enrique Bolanos, the cotton-king, weeps,
The cost to his life-style too heavy to reckon;
O let us be wakeful, though all the world sleeps,
And send a contingent of 'contras' to Brecon!



British products in Tokyo stores. A quick visit to the Tsukuba Expo '85 world exhibition was not reassuring. You had to wait two to four hours to get into the stands showing the latest Japanese robots, electronics and cars. The British pavilion is lonely, empty save for a handful of indifferent visitors. Inside, a kind of cardboard cut-out display of rural English life and a giant photo of the Royal Family represent today's Britain. Space is given to some of the high-tech research currently under way in British universities and the BBC's excellent natural history film unit. This visitor looks for a notice pointing out that university research and the BBC are starved of funds and that the diligent scientists pictured probably have to pay for their own notebooks. Then the highlight of the show — star products of British manufacturing. These consist of the latest high-performance, luxury Jaguar car side by side with Sir Clive Sinclair's bizarre battery-run bath chair. A product that no one wants to buy beside one that no one can afford to buy.

Back in the lobby of my hotel I spy a familiar British figure. The body is lean, tall, the chin juts out, though the hair that appears so youthfully black in photos is flecked with much grey. The face is lined and tired, an accumulation of jet-lag, too much work and pressure as well as late nights. Around him are a posse of Japanese, politely listening to every word. I half eavesdrop from a distance, not catching full sentences but again and again the first person singular pronoun can be heard. 'When I...', 'As I...', 'I said...', 'What I...', 'I decided...', 'If I...'. A Japanese friend asks at whom I am staring. I tell him, but the name of Dr David Owen means little in the wider world beyond British shores. A brief explanation of the SDP's roots and role only confuses my friend. 'Ah, you mean, he's a kind of faction leader like we have in the LDP (the Liberal Democratic Party which has ruled Japan since 1948).' It seems as good a description as any. Owen was in Tokyo to take part in an international round-table on humanitarian aid. He flew back for George Brown's funeral leaving the organisers with a hole to be filled. I suppose the chance of a photo-opportunity was worth more than a speech in Japan.

REAGAN BLOWS HOT AND COLD

JOHN MINNION

As contradictory briefings come from the White House and the President cancels his Fourth of July holiday, CLAUDIA WRIGHT analyses the Administration's instinct for 'action' over the hostages

Washington

IN *BILLY BUDD*, the story of potentially mutinous sailors on board a nineteenth century warship, the American novelist Herman Melville wrote of 'the greediness of hate for provocation'. In the two weeks since the hijacking of TWA Flight 847, the Reagan Administration demonstrated how deeply violent and vengeful its four and a half years in power has made it and how little it has learned.

The irony is that in the early stages of the affair American public opinion rallied behind the President. After his 18 June press conference he appeared to be reversing his normally instinctive policy of 'swift and effective retribution' against terrorists, pledging patience and negotiation, rather than military action, to deal with the crisis.

While the President's handlers contrived this impression in public, their activity behind the scenes, particularly in the first 48 hours of the hijacking, belied it. Officials lashed out at a variety of scapegoats. The Israelis and their Washington friends did the same.

Initially, the Administration hoped that the Greek and Algerian officials, negotiating with the hijackers while the TWA plane was in Algiers over the fate of their accomplice whom the Greek police had arrested in Athens, would produce a swift resolution to the affair. Those early negotiations boiled down to a deal in which the hijackers and their hostages would go free, while the release of Israel's 'hostages' — the 766 Lebanese and Palestinians held at Atlit prison near Haifa, would be agreed in principle but deferred in practice to save face.

The Israelis were furious that the Administration appeared to be relying on Arabs — in this case, the Algerians — as the go-betweens. Through Israeli journalists in Washington, the Jerusalem government put out the word that the Algerians were untrustworthy, claiming to have uncovered evidence that the hijackers had actually been trained in Algeria.

At the same time, the US had begun moving a flotilla and Marine landing group to the Eastern Mediterranean and had flown the Delta commando force, trained for this type of situation, to the British base at Akrotiri in Cyprus. Pressure was also put on the Algerians



to disable the TWA aircraft and to permit the American commandos to storm it. To forestall this, Algerian officials issued a statement that they 'would never authorise a foreign military force of whatever kind to operate on Algerian soil', and that 'Algeria has the means to oppose it, if necessary'. By then, however, the hijackers — apparently spooked by reports of US military movements heard on the aircraft radio — had decided to leave Algiers for Beirut. US officials angrily blamed the press for disclosing too much.

This accusation only intensified the media pressure. One correspondent earnestly talking to the camera from the White House lawn said: 'Something between nothing and something is going on, but not much'. If the Israelis were holding civilian prisoners taken from Lebanon illegally — as the State Department had been saying for months and the White House would not deny, the obvious question was: why won't they hand them over?

When US officials said nothing, the only implication to be drawn was that Washington was putting pressure on Israel, but wasn't

prepared to admit it, and that the Israelis were resisting — something Jerusalem couldn't afford to reveal either. When parents of one of the hostages asked on television why the 'Israelites' had been prepared earlier in the summer to release a thousand convicted Palestinians in exchange for just three soldiers held as prisoners-of-war in Lebanon, but to do nothing for American hostages, the potential for a powerful popular backlash against Israel was obvious.

The initial polls showed overwhelming support for the President to negotiate; an even split between those favouring US pressure on Israel and those opposed; and a growing majority who believed Israel was not doing enough. Israel's American supporters have never faced a public relations problem of this kind before — and they were panicking.

IN A CRISIS LIKE this, good information tends to be driven out by bad. This partly explains the way in which the US media focused on Hellenikon airport in Athens and fixed blame for the hijacking on the alleged laxness of

the Greek airport authorities. US television cameramen, granted passes by the Greek police to move freely around the airport, used them to evade baggage scanning machines and to film reports of how 'easy' it would have been for the hijackers to smuggle their weapons aboard the aircraft. When the evidence suggested that their weapons had not been slipped aboard by the hijackers, but secreted in the rear aircraft lavatories before the passengers embarked, Israeli and American officials suggested without evidence that the Greek government had been lax by employing suspicious Arabs as airport ground staff. In any case this could have happened equally in Cairo where the flight originated.

But the decision to criticise Greece and the Papandreou government was not made by the media. It was a decision by a group of US officials, including a number at the US embassy in Athens, who have been plotting a blow at Greece's tourist industry for at least a year. The US plot against Greece began in May 1984 after a Greek investigation of a conspiracy to blow up aircraft travelling between Israel and Western Europe. When CIA agents intervened clumsily in the case, causing the loss of crucial evidence, the Greek government ordered the deputy chief of the CIA station in Athens to leave the country. A month later US officials told the *Wall Street Journal* that the Greek government was soft on terrorism; and the newspaper intimated that US tourists arriving by air in Athens might be in danger. US diplomats in Athens began urging that Washington issue a 'travel advisory' — formally warning American travellers away from Greece. This was headed off by Greek tourism officials, but they believe that the press campaign had an impact in reducing the number of both Israeli and American tourists in the 1984 summer season.

In November two staff members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee went to Athens to examine the security of Hellenikon airport and were briefed by US Embassy officials. When they returned to Washington, they reported not only that the airport was insecure, but that Greek officials were 'unco-operative'.

Their recommendations were passed on to the State Department's office for combatting terrorism, which had been smarting all year from Congressional criticism of ineffectualness and of sloppy drafting of anti-terrorism legislation which the Congress had refused to accept. Prompted by the US Embassy in Athens, the anti-terrorism office arranged a new inspection of Athens airport in February and pressed the Greek government to make improvements. Once again the State Department threatened to issue a travel warning to tourists. Noting that Athens had been virtually free of hijackings while US Airports in New York and Miami accounted for almost a third of all such incidents in the past decade, Greek officials believed they were the target of a Washington attack; the timing suggested the motive — to undermine the Papandreou government economically before the general elections which were expected to be held after the summer tourist season.

Nonetheless, Pan American and TWA, the two US airlines which used Hellenikon and participated in the February inspection, went ahead with their flight plans, ignoring the official assessments. The Greeks began work to

improve the perimeter fencing of the airport, and the threat of the American travel warning was put off once again. When the wife of the President's National Security Advisor, Robert McFarlane, passed through Hellenikon in April, no one at the White House suggested her security might be at risk. By the time the TWA hijacking occurred, the summer tourist season was well under way — and the Papandreou government had won a decisive election victory. The State Department was prompted to recommend a lowering of tensions between the two governments.

Anti-Greek feeling in the US Embassy and in Washington, however, remained. By coincidence, a few days before the hijacking a Congressional staffer, who had been involved in the earlier security discussions passed through Hellenikon and concluded that nothing had been done to improve the security situation. He reported this to the chair of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Dante Fascell, the Representative of hijack-prone Miami. Fascell wrote to the State Department demanding sanctions against Greece. The anti-terrorism office dusted off the 'travel advisory' for the third time, in a desperate search for something that could pass for 'decisive action' which the President could announce at his press conference. The White House decided to endorse the attack on Greece.

In Congress, meanwhile, the leader of the pro-Israel bloc and one of Turkey's most consistent supporters, Representative Stephen Solarz of Brooklyn, told a television interview that, while others were advocating a US bombing attack against Beirut airport, he would contemplate bombing Athens airport. Fascell introduced a Bill to allow the Secretary of State to set international airport security standards and where these were not met, to halt all flights by US or other airlines to and from the blackballed airport, and to cut off US aid to the responsible government.

These machinations did not surface in the press coverage. Even within the State Department, a handful of officials thought that the attack on Greece might have gone too far; they drafted a letter of reassurance which George Schultz signed and despatched to the Greek foreign minister. At the same moment, however, the US Embassy and the anti-terrorism office were putting intense pressure on a US basketball team and the New York Philharmonic orchestra to cancel performances this month in Greece — they both did.

Try as it might to appear conciliatory, the Reagan Administration is too far committed to violent methods and to Israel to free itself of its entanglement. It may grab for new scapegoats (Nabih Berri, the *Amal* leader at the centre of the negotiations, is clearly marked next). But it is in a political vortex of its own making — the more it thrashes, the deeper it sinks.

Herman Melville, who recognized better than most American writers of his own time or since the capacity of political authority to go mad, devised grim allegories of boats and bodies sinking beneath the sea. But who now in the White House would dare read the conclusion to *Moby Dick* as the last sailor hammered the flag to a spar and went down with his ship 'which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it'. □

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SAME MISTAKES REPEATED

Washington and Jerusalem have been largely responsible for creating the conditions for Shiite advance in Lebanon. SCOTT MACLEOD analyses the events leading up to the Beirut hijacking

Jerusalem
SHIITE FUNDAMENTALISM is winning the day in Lebanon. The Mullahs who 'guide' *Hizbollah*, the pro-Iranian 'Party of God', seem well on the road to taking over the populist Shiite Moslem revolt, which began more than a decade ago — initially more as a social rather than a religious and political movement.

The man to watch — or rather to listen to — is Sayed Mohammed Hussein Fadlullah, now the most influential of *Hizbollah*'s 'guides'.

The hijacking of TWA Flight 847 posed more than a challenge just to the United States and Israel. It seriously undermined the authority within the Lebanese Shiite movement of Nabih Berri, leader of *Amal*, which had until now been generally accepted as the mainstream organisation representing the country's two million Shiites.

Berri's position had already begun to slip when *Amal*'s para-military wing undertook the disastrous task of trying to subdue Palestinian guerrilla forces who were gradually regrouping in Beirut's refugee camps. When the hijack crisis erupted, it captured the imagination of many in the Shiite movement, given widespread anti-American and anti-Israeli sentiment. Berri joined hands with the extremists in this instance because he could hardly oppose their demands that Israel release over 700 Lebanese Shiites from detention camps in Israel.

Lebanon's Shiite revolt took shape in 1974 when Musa Sadr established the 'Movement of the Deprived' — later known as *Amal*, Arabic for hope. Its initial objective was to lobby the Lebanese government to provide better protection for the Shiites of Southern Lebanon, who were increasingly suffering from Israeli reprisal raids against Palestinian commandos in the region.

Sadr also pressed for better housing and more jobs for Shiites, then as now the largest but most underprivileged of Lebanon's communities. Though himself a cleric — Sadr even studied under Ayatollah Khomeini in the Shiite holy city of Qom in the 1950s — *Amal*'s founder behaved like a Lebanese nationalist. Berri, who was Sadr's political successor, has pursued his goals of protecting the Shiite community against the violence of Lebanon — hence the development of a now-large para-military force — while trying to secure political, social and economic reforms from the oligarchy which controls the Lebanese state.

Amal's — and Berri's — day was 6 June 1984. His men then spearheaded a Syrian-backed uprising against the Christian/Phalange-led Lebanese regime, forcing a hasty pullout of the US marine force in Beirut, which was trying to prop it up. *Amal* then stepped up armed

resistance in Southern Lebanon, forcing the Israeli decision in January to withdraw its occupation army from a third of Lebanese territory.

Throughout this period Berri has courageously pursued a moderate and nationalist course in the face of many obstacles, including some opposition within *Amal* and, more importantly, from *Hizbollah* which has risen meteorically since 1982 and openly advocates a completely Islamic state. Berri, for example, has resisted pressure to move his personal residence to Beirut's southern suburbs, the densely populated part of the city dominated by Shiites. Instead, Berri continues to live in a mixed neighbourhood as a symbol of *Amal*'s long-standing desire for multiconfessional coexistence.

Similarly, Berri has refused to establish a radio station to broadcast Shiite propaganda as a counter to radio stations operated by Christian Phalangists, the Sunni Moslems and the Druze Progressive Socialist Party. Instead Berri oversees the government-run television and radio stations located in West Beirut as an expression of support for state institutions.

Berri has also taken a strong line against lawlessness, when he could. After the 1984 uprising he worked hard to keep Shiite fighters off the streets so that a Lebanese army brigade could attempt to provide security. Berri's men went to the rescue of an American-held hostage in West Beirut and warned against further abductions. His greatest political risk within the Shiite movement was in accepting a post in the Lebanese cabinet a year ago. By joining the establishment, Berri knew he would set himself up for criticism by his fundamentalist rivals.

BUT BY THEIR POLICIES Israel and the United States undermined Berri's efforts — and fed the rapid growth of *Hizbollah* — throughout their three-year intervention in Lebanese affairs. The Israeli invasion and particularly the summer-long siege of the Moslem half of Beirut traumatised Shiites and others, even in a country which had grown familiar with bloodshed.

Though initially Israel's expulsion of the PLO from Lebanon did give *Amal* its big chance to emerge as an important power in Lebanon, Israel did not stop with Yasser Arafat's departure from Beirut harbour. It proceeded with the grand 'Sharon Plan' to re-order Lebanon in accordance with Israeli interests, but with little or no attention paid to legitimate and longstanding grievances and aspirations. This was morally wrong and it was counterproductive.

Most threatening of all to the Shiite community was Israel's attempts to change the



Camera Press

Nabih Berri: moderate in the middle, undermined by US and Israeli policy

fabric of life in Southern Lebanon — reaching even into the small villages — in the region that adjoins Israel's northern border. The South is a traditional Shiite homeland and the Israeli army and intelligence service worked to supplant the popular *Amal* leadership by pro-Israeli political and para-military groups through the recruitment of collaborators.

Israel pumped millions of dollars worth of agricultural products into the Lebanese market to the damage of southern farmers and their Shiite labourers. In addition there was the inevitable cycle of violence between the occupation army and the resistance movement that caused misery for ordinary Shiites throughout the region.

The Shiites viewed the United States, quite rightly in many respects, as an accomplice of Israel because it tacitly approved the 1982 invasion in the first place and then went along with Israel's grand designs for the Land of the Cedars. Three years is a long time in Lebanon. By keeping the Shiite movement in a state of high agitation, the Israeli and US intervention greatly suited the fundamentalist Mullahs. They were preaching the traditional themes of Shiite Islam from their pulpits — themes like the necessity of martyrdom and the commitment to fighting tyranny against even overwhelming opposition. They amounted to recruitment meetings for *Hizbollah*.

Berri found it hard to compete with Allah. The suicide bombers had greatly contributed to the general Shiite uprising. Their extreme acts excited many followers in the Shiite movement more than Berri's western-style policy of patience and compromise.

There is little evidence that either Israel or the United States have learned from their mistakes. The Central Intelligence Agency, according to the *Washington Post*, had links to a March car bomb explosion in Beirut's southern suburbs, which failed to harm the intended

target — *Hizbollah's* Sayed Fadlullah — but killed 80 people. President Reagan's hints about retaliation for the TWA hijacking take on an ominous significance.

Israel provoked the Shiites in the first place by transferring the Shiite prisoners across the international border — in evident violation of the Geneva Convention as well as the rules of common sense. Whether or not these Shiites are released soon, a provocation will remain so long as Israel attempts to maintain a military presence in Southern Lebanon — either through its own army or indirectly using its proxy 'South Lebanese Army'. More hijackings, suicide bombings and possibly even PLO-style rocket attacks on northern Israel might reasonably be expected.

Israel has more than hinted about retaliation. Its defence minister has vowed a 'scorched earth' policy if the Shiites do not rest. This, it is hinted, may involve bombing raids on Shiite bases in Beirut and elsewhere.

Whither 'Peace for Galilee'? □

CHINA

'100 FLOWERS' BLOOM FOR A SECOND TIME

JONATHAN MIRSKY reports on how the Communist Party is keeping as close an ideological control on Chinese intellectuals as it did in the days of Chairman Mao

CHINESE AUTHORS must have stared with disbelief this spring when the Party's *Peoples Daily* published the new regulations for the Writers' Association.

Nearly verbatim they repeat Mao Zedong's stipulations for literature and art first laid down in 1942, seven years before the final Communist victory. Once again writers are being told 'to use Mao Zedong Thought as a guide'.

What that 'Thought' meant to Chinese literature was made clear in 1965 when the Chairman ordered an attack on the play *The Dismissal of Hai Rui*, an attack which turned out to be the trigger for the Cultural Revolution, the darkest period for Chinese intellectuals. The play was actually revived in Peking shortly before the announcement of the new regulations for writers. Neither event, though, will convince authors that *open* dissent is now possible, although Premier Zhao Ziyang conceded during his recent visit to London that the term 'anti-Party' has been used 'too broadly in the past'.

Anti-Party was only one of the charges brought against *The Dismissal of Hai Rui*. Last produced in 1961, and then only for a few weeks, *Hai Rui* employed the traditional convention of using historical references, in this case to events 400 years earlier, to demand the abolition of the communes and the restoration

of land to peasant proprietors. When it was presented in Peking, China was in the grip of the greatest famine in its history, in which it is now officially conceded that 16 million died.

Mao's land policies lay at the core of China's suffering — and that only thinly veiled message in *Hai Rui* led to the death of its author, Wu Han, during the Cultural Revolution, amid frenzies in which many of the country's leading intellectuals were killed, or driven to suicide.

In the case of Wu, he was 'wantonly persecuted to death'. Wu was regarded, correctly, as speaking for Mao's chief adversaries, Deng Xiaoping and Liu Shaoqi, who were also purged, Liu fatally.

Wu Han, although he became vice-mayor of Peking, was never a Party member. An historian of the Ming dynasty (1368-1644), the period in which he set *Hai Rui*, he had for years, beginning in the Chiang Kaishek period, spoken out against official evil. Wu's pronouncements in the late Fifties sound unbelievably brave even today: 'I have never heard that Marx-Leninism or the Thought of Mao Zedong can replace history'; 'People do have views but do not want to voice them, for they are apprehensive that the line between academic questions and political questions is not clearly drawn and that academic error may be taken as political error'; 'Having bourgeois ideas is not a crime'.

TODAY THE PARTY is attempting to assure Chinese writers that it wants to be 'your best friend'. They don't believe it. From past experience, of which the Cultural Revolution and the fate of men like Wu Han is merely the most dreadful example, they know that contending Left and Right factions within the Party use literature as a weapon against each other — and that when the political battles end it is the writers who have become the casualties.

At the Congress of the Writers' Association in January, only the fourth in its history, writers who had first suffered at the hands of the cultural watchdogs in 1957 came to the podium to say they still lived in fear.

'Writers have no freedom to write', claimed Liu Binyan, one of the Congress's new chairman. Liu had been 'smashed' during the 1957-58 Anti-Rightist campaign, which Deng Xiaoping, who was Party General Secretary in those days, still maintains was necessary, although too violent. 'Some writers', Liu warned, 'are so timid they won't touch any social contradictions'.

Perhaps the most extraordinary statement came from the Congress chairman, the 80 year-old novelist Ba Jin: 'We yearn for China's Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Tolstoy'. During the Cultural Revolution, the authorities had ensured that Ba Jin, the best tip for China's first Nobel prize for literature, would not become its Tolstoy. Accused of being a class enemy and literary despot, he was forbidden to write for a decade. 'Ten wasted years', he recalls.

Ba Jin's vision of a Chinese Tolstoy must have produced a wry smile from Wu Zuguang. In 1957, just before he was purged, he had observed that to produce great works Tolstoy had required neither doctrine nor leadership.

Almost 30 years on, the Party still disputes this. Despite its guarantees that the persecution of writers is finished, and that its cadres are now

the writers' best friends, the Party maintains literary values identical to those laid down in 1942 by Mao Zedong. On the closing day of the Congress, writers were clearly informed that the Party intended to strengthen its leadership over them, 'putting forward criticisms and suggestions that benefit creativity', and ensuring works that 'profoundly reflect our era'.

'Reflecting our era', in the Maoist canon, means upholding the Party policy of the day, and darkening its critics. Deng Xiaoping, one of Mao's sternest detractors at the moment, but his champion in the realm of literature and art, told an earlier meeting of writers that they should 'help raise the peoples' consciousness, make them understand the harmfulness of erroneous tendencies, and arouse strong public opinion against them'. Quoting Stalin, Deng reminded the writers that they were engineers of the human soul.

What may deepen the alarm of Chinese writers, who are already admitting how frightened they are, is the Party's call 'to let 100 flowers bloom, 100 schools of thought contend'. This is the so-called Double Hundred policy, most notoriously advanced in the late Fifties by Mao. Write about us as bluntly as you like, invited the Great Teacher, as he liked to be called.

Chinese writers like Liu Bin Yan and Wu Zuguang did just that, sometimes attacking Mao himself, as Wu Han was to do. Within a few months they were silenced by the Anti-Rightist campaign, when the 'counter-revolutionary label' was pinned on thousands. The last of these labels were lifted only at the end of 1984.

Even today, films like the *Story of Wu Xun*, which Mao proscribed in 1951, and the 1956 *Waiting for the New Party Secretary to Arrive* — shown this year at the National Film Theatre's magnificent Chinese film festival — remain on the Party's index of forbidden works.

Only last August, at a literary meeting in Shanghai, a Maoist hotbed, the venerable Ba Jin was deposed from the chair by a local Leftist. In a recent article in the forces journal *Liberation Army Literature* a political commissar spelled out what the revolutionary old guard expect from writers: 'Literature and art should serve the broadest masses, and, first of all, workers, peasants, and soldiers'.

This was a direct lift from Deng quoting Mao. Needless to say such urgings make writers cautious. 'We always wait for the Party to give us the green light', said Yang Xianyi, when recently in London. China's leading literary editor, he was confined for four years during the Cultural Revolution (NS 1 February). It is all very risky. Only a year ago a poet thanked the Party for analyzing his poems 'passage by passage, and sentence by sentence'. He had been attacked for advocating freedom to dissent — as had Wu Han more than 20 years before. The Party's critique, wrote the poet, 'was an experience I can never forget'.

What remains so extraordinary about Chinese writers is their ceaseless demand to attack targets chosen by *them* and not by the Party. In 1959 Wu Han wrote 'If you have a spear you have to use it. What can you do? You can't put it down. Why not throw it? What does it matter? If it hits the target it may at least hurt a little'. □

TRIAL BY THE MEDIA



Both photos: Camera Press

In 1983 crude forgeries of Hitler 'diaries' were published by *Stern* magazine, which sold the rights to its 'scoop' round the world, including to our *Sunday Times*. The forger Konrad Kujau (left) and the *Stern* journalist who negotiated with him Gerd Heidemann (right) have been on trial since last year. GITTA SERENY argues that Heidemann is being scapegoated for having made German publishers look foolish

THE 10-MONTH old Hitler diary trial is ending this week in Hamburg. In the last few weeks the German press has begun to realise that what has been happening is not merely a media circus. It is possible that we are seeing a miscarriage of justice.

There was a unanimous reaction of amazed indignation at the prosecutor's demand for a seven year sentence for the former *Stern* journalist Gerd Heidemann, with only six for the actual forger, Konrad Kujau — 'because he confessed'. For the prosecution's three-day final review of two years' investigation, 89 days of court hearings and the evidence of 40 witnesses demonstrated that, against Heidemann, they have practically no case.

Dietrich Klein, the senior prosecutor since the beginning, was forced grudgingly to concede that the most serious charge against Heidemann (based solely on Kujau's evidence) — that he had known about or even assisted in the actual forgery of the 62 diaries — had been dismissed. He insisted however that Heidemann, acting with 'manic criminal energy' (whatever that may be), had fraudulently deceived his employers, *Stern's* publishers Grüner & Jahr, about the true cost of the diaries (DM9,340,000) in order to keep as much of the money as possible for himself.

He was said to have kept from them all details about the seller's identity which might have enabled them to discover the truth. Although he could only 'prove', the prosecutor said, that Heidemann had spent DM2,200,000 more than his legitimate income between the beginning of 1981 and May 1983 on a vastly improved lifestyle, plus lavish purchases of Hitleriana for his private collection, he 'thought' that Heidemann had probably embezzled as much as DM4,400,000.

Kujau, on the other hand — while also 'criminally energetic' — had been so helpful with his confessions that Klein proposed he

should be let off a little easier. Even Klein had to admit — to laughter from the journalists, with the judges not quite managing to suppress grins — that Kujau, 'as we know, is not always reliable'. Klein failed to mention, though, the number of confessions Kujau made — all of them different.

The police investigation of the case was mostly limited to a search for the missing money — a safe course. After all, they already had two ideal culprits: Kujau, who was happily, indeed avidly, confessing, and Heidemann.

In one early pre-trial confrontation with the prosecutor, Heidemann found him so aggressively convinced of his guilt, that he refused on legal advice to answer any more questions except through counsel and in direct examination by the court. This achieved for him a certain dignified isolation, but it meant that his side of the affair was hardly heard until the trial. Certainly it added fuel to the prosecutor's conviction that Heidemann had essential things to hide.

Kujau's chief counsel, Kurt Groenewold, who established his reputation as a radical lawyer for the defence in the Baader Meinhof case, presented a line of defence that fitted well with his political convictions: his main target being throughout *Stern's* parent company.

He was on good ground against Grüner & Jahr over their syndication of the 'diaries' around the world when they did not legally own the copyright — the presiding judge had already expressed his own indignation at this, when it emerged in evidence during the trial. Counsel's presentation of a hapless Kujau as a mere victim of the greedy Grüner & Jahr was perhaps not quite so effective: they suggested that Kujau only forged for artistic fulfilment, being misled into unacceptable conduct only by Grüner & Jahr's offer of insane sums of money in search of a publishing scoop for *Stern*. The portrayal of this certainly industrious but

basically minor little crook as an innocent victim of conscienceless capitalists was the only relief of the summing-up.

There was nothing amusing about Heidemann's defence. Both his lawyers, Reinhard Daum and Holger Schröder, are manifestly angry men. There can rarely have been, they said, such a massive and unanimous public prejudgement, brought about by an entirely subjective press, putting in serious doubt the possibility of a fair trial.

Heidemann, they said, had perhaps acted unwisely, even stupidly on occasions, but he was not guilty of any of the charges. As confirmed time and again by numerous witnesses, he had informed both his editors and executives: 1) of the name of the seller 'Fischer' at an early date; 2) that the money was being paid in Stuttgart, where the seller lived; 3) that the books were being brought from East Germany through 'Fischer's' influential relatives there, whose lives would be in danger if their identity was revealed — all of which, as the prosecutor had at last conceded, Heidemann had implicitly believed till the bitter end.

To Kujau's claim that he had only received a fraction of the money paid by *Stern* — the pivot of the prosecution's case — the court had accepted in evidence tapes which proved Kujau was paid amounts corresponding precisely to those reported by Heidemann to *Stern* and that Kujau — the bank slips have been found — had deposited them in his bank.

Evidence had also established that, from January 1981 when Heidemann brought the first diaries to *Stern*, until May 1983 when the German Federal Archives (seeing three books for the first time!) immediately discovered them to be fakes, he had continuously urged that the books should be examined, both by historians for content and by forensic experts on paper and handwriting.

It also emerged that it was an executive of Grüner & Jahr who had suggested to Heidemann that it would be useful for the company's tax purposes if he could later swear that he had paid out money for the diaries in East Germany — the explanation for the admittedly wild story Heidemann told of taking delivery of the diaries on an East German autobahn.

THE VERDICT in the case is expected around 8 July. It will largely depend on the degree to which any disposition to believe Heidemann is outweighed by the necessity to 'justify' the long expensive trial and unusual long period of remand by returning a verdict of 'guilty'.

Cynics also see the whole conduct of the case, from the investigation onwards, as having been deliberately designed to narrow the issues to the stolen money in order to avoid revelations potentially embarrassing to people of economic and political standing in Hamburg and German public life.

The failure to investigate closer into possible confederates or brains behind Kujau and the refusal to admit witnesses who could have enlarged the scope of the enquiry were also, experienced Hamburg journalists believe, probably the result of direction — the prosecutors, like the police, after all being 'Beamte' — civil servants subject to direction from above. □

LETTERS

Where have all the workers gone?

K. E. Spencer, Glossop, Derbyshire

The current debate within the Left on whether or not to 'realign' is already degenerating into personal confrontations (e.g. Williamson vs Mullin) and sociological caricatures of 'the working class' (Paul Mitton, NS Letters 14 June). This may be because protagonists approach the debate with one of three distinct objectives: ending the Thatcher devastation, electing a Labour government or responding to apparent changes in the British working class. While these are interrelated objectives for socialists the latter must take precedence over the other two. If the 'working class' can no longer be regarded as the motor of socialist transformation then defensive or offensive electoral strategies on its behalf are hardly pressing matters.

The limited theoretical discussion on the working class and 'new social forces' has been largely restricted to an antagonistic debate of the deaf. May I suggest that this arises from two major omissions from the content of the debate.

1. Consideration of how much power 'the British working class' can exercise collectively over the means of production. How many British men wearing blue overalls are crucial to capitalist production in the 1980s?
2. Consideration of the international, rather than parochial, changes in capitalist production. Is there still a British proletariat or has its function been largely delegated to oppressed workers in the Third World?

Better thinkers than I (whether Euros or Tankies) may conclude that the British proletariat lives in Southeast Asia. Consequently, our best hope of socialism and electoral success may lie in changing our country's relationships with the Third World. As usual, feminist writers have suggested this line of thought well ahead of our 'mainstream' intellectuals. Could they be right again?

D-I-Y drinking

Julian Rathbone, Thorney Hill, Nr Christchurch

I don't know where Steve Pinder (NS 14 June) is going wrong, but it should be pointed out that a very drinkable and reasonably strong bitter can be home-brewed for 6.8p a pint, not 20p: 500 grs Crystal Malt Barley — 50p; 50 grs Northern Brewers' Hops — 70p; 2½ kilos sugar — £1.25; about 15p on yeast, yeast nutrient and finings and 10p on gas, makes 40 pints.

If you use cheaper hops and less sugar you will get a thinner taste and less alcohol, but you will bring the price down to 6p.

User hostile

Mervyn Jones, London NW1

We all know people who don't own cars, can't drive a car, and have no intention of learning. Instead of being despised and berated, they are regarded with respect or at least with tolerance, particularly on the Left. Why is it, then, that those who have bought word-processors adopt an attitude of moralistic intolerance towards those who, as Islander scornfully puts it (NS 21 June), 'still hold out'? By now, a wordbox proselytiser has become the wordbox bore, a class in which Islander is outstanding.

My reason for declining to buy a word-processor isn't that I fail to understand what it can do. I have seen it demonstrated by several missionaries and am quite capable of getting the point, if only people like Islander would credit me with a little intelligence. I happen to be rather inefficient with machines and, when I'm writing, I wish to concentrate my mind on questions of content and style without having to think about which button to press, or making a fresh start if I press the wrong one. Thus, while I'm ready to believe that the word-processor makes writing quicker and easier for the dexterous Islander, for me it would make writing slower and more difficult. I have

thought it out. Now, would Islander kindly leave me alone?

I have noticed, too, that the missionaries always explain with an air of wonderment that the word-processor enables them to replace a clumsy sentence or a badly-chosen word by a better one. They seem utterly unaware that this has always been the practice of writers, as one may see by looking at a manuscript by Tolstoy or Balzac, among many others. One has to conclude that, until this invention came to their aid, they never revised. Regrettably, there is seldom much evidence that it has improved the clarity or the felicity of their writing. When Islander tells us that the word-processor 'increases personal skills', he forgets that the skills which matter most to a writer are centred in the head, not in the fingers.

Performance poetry

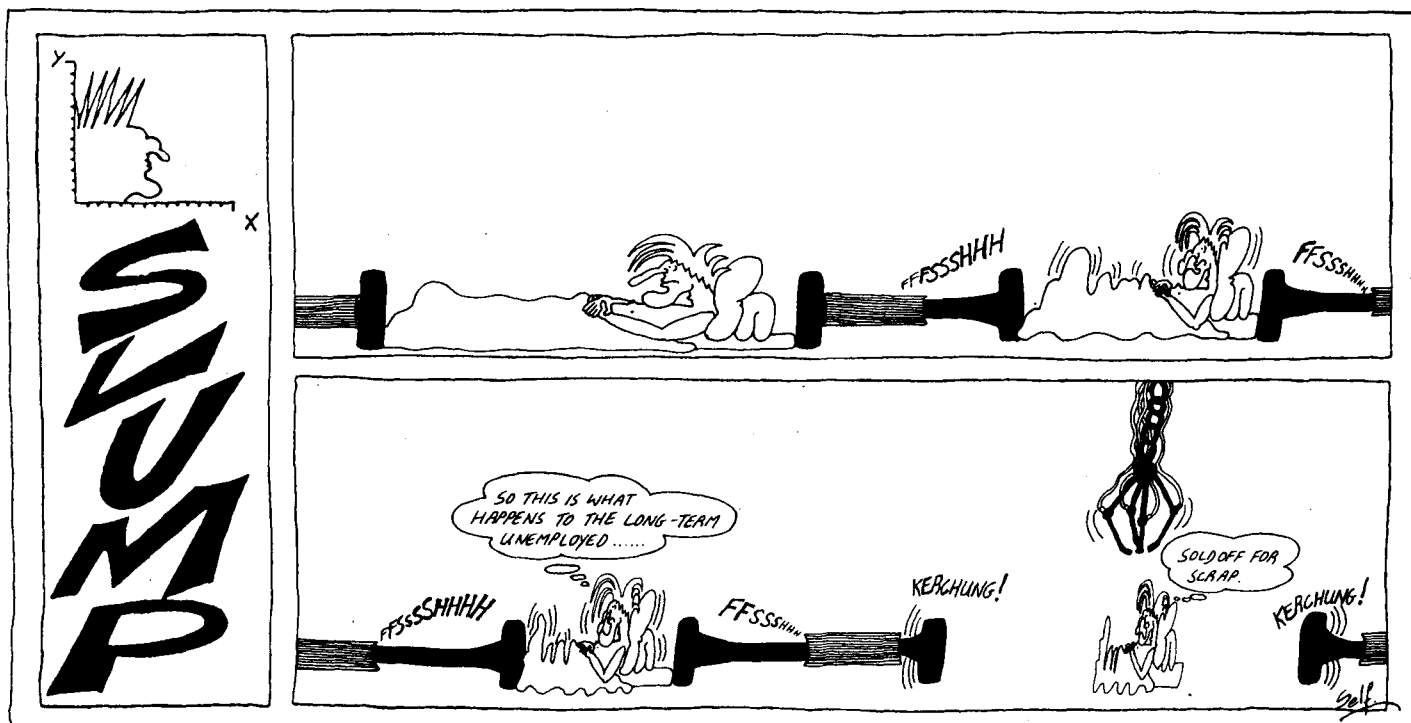
Blake Morrison, London SE10

I wouldn't mind being labelled one of the 'Oxbridge glitterati' (Letters 21 June) if I'd been to Oxbridge — but I haven't. And I wouldn't mind being described as hostile to and even 'threatened' by performance poetry if I were — but I'm not. Jeremy Silver says that he values 'the importance and utility of the printed word'; he could start by trying to be more accurate.

Drug safety

Dr J.P. Griffin, Director, The Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry

The criticisms made in your article ('Safety net fails' NS 31 May) of the Yellow Card system, currently operated by the Committee on Safety of Medicines, are misleading. The UK Adverse Reaction register is the largest register of spontaneous adverse reaction in the world, with over 140,000 reports sent in by doctors. For any system to have any chance of detecting a low-incidence adverse reaction of less than 1-in-10,000



requires a reporting rate in excess of 200 adverse reaction reports per million population per annum from a population of over 50 million. The UK has an adverse reaction reporting rate of 262 reports/million population per annum with a population of over 50 million and is the only country in the world to fulfil the above criteria. The adverse reaction reporting rate in the USA is about half that in the UK.

We are not complacent about the rate of reporting by doctors to the CSM. To improve this, the ABPI has embarked on a joint advertising campaign with the CSM in the medical press to encourage reporting. There is not necessarily a causal relationship established between the medicine and the adverse reactions reported and there is a need to follow up such reports.

In a comparison of the drug regulatory system of the UK and USA by Carrol Marcus and J. P. Griffin (Pharmacy International (1983) 4 146-149) during the ten year period 1972-1982 the UK had licensed 213 New Chemical Entities (NCE) for medicinal use, the USA had licensed 170. Both the UK and the USA had subsequently to withdraw four NCEs; two only were common to both countries.

Your comments on Epilim (sodium valproate) may cause needless concern and distress to epileptic patients for whom this medicine has produced a new dimension to the quality of their lives. The risk benefit assessment of every medicine has to be continually re-appraised and there is little doubt that the benefit side of the balance is clearly in favour of Epilim.

Black access courses

Barry Hugill, London E11

Dr John Beishon (Letters 21 June) says correctly that negotiations between the Polytechnic of North London and Kilburn Polytechnic broke down a year ago. However, it was only a few weeks ago that NATFHE members called upon their union executive and ILEA to investigate the alleged racism of some PNL staff. Dr Beishon may consider it a minor matter, but to me it constitutes 'a major row'.

Of course it is not racist 'to say that PNL has had problems placing black students in catering and hotel work'. But the allegations of racism go much deeper than that. Is Dr Beishon prepared to accept an investigation along the lines suggested by the NATFHE members?

Smoke in young eyes

A. D. C. Turner, Director Public Affairs, Tobacco Advisory Council

Judy Sadgrove's article about women and smoking (NS 14 June) is predictably accusative of the tobacco industry, coming as it does from the Assistant Editor of *The Lancet*. It is too long a piece to analyse in detail in a letter, and in any case the industry does not make medical judgments because it is not qualified to do so. But the particular reference to the recently produced booklet by the BMA and the Health Education Council called 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' does call for a response.

This publication purports to show that tobacco companies are flagrantly breaking the terms of their voluntary agreement with government by deliberately attempting to reach teenage women through advertising in magazines with a predominantly young readership.

The whole premise of the booklet rests upon redefining the upper age parameters for youth. Hitherto long accepted as 18 by government and

WE AGREE with Graham and Lewis (NS 21 June) that the flaws in the operation of the equal pay and sex discrimination legislation cannot be blamed solely on conciliation-happy ACAS officers. But it is surprising that their conclusions are limited to improving advice services and a role for ACAS in implementing the recent code of practice (a document which has been introduced with even less of a whimper than its race relations counterpart, now conveniently forgotten).

The more fundamental weaknesses in the legislation have become more apparent as each year of the UN's Decade for Women has elapsed. Since 1976 there has been a marked decline in the number of applications (and in the success rate) at tribunals for equal pay and discrimination cases.

The Sex Discrimination Act has outlawed many obvious forms of direct discrimination. But job segregation of the sexes remains a fundamental feature of the British labour market, buttressed by the recession and underpinned by the low priority given to equal opportunities in practice by many trade unionists. There is no obligation on employers to introduce 'positive action' programmes. Job segregation in turn has often proved the stumbling block to equal pay. The Equal Pay Act until recently only allowed 'like' work or 'work rated as equivalent' (job evaluation) claims.

Employers have frequently used trivial work differences to justify pay differentials between men and women. Last year, for example, in a case we brought against a major glass company, women box makers claiming equal pay with male case makers had to deal with such sophisticated arguments as that the men had to work with four-inch and the women with only two-and-a-half to three inch nails, thus justifying the pay differential.

The equal value regulation appears to suggest grounds for optimism. The success of Julie Hayward, the Cammell Laird cook supported by the General and Municipal Boilermakers and Allied Trades Union, who established that her work was of equal value to that of male craftsmen has reopened the equal pay issue. Julie, incidentally, eight months after her historic victory, has yet to receive her pay increase because Cammell Laird, in a piece of arcane reasoning, are arguing that this should be offset to allow for, among other matters, her 'better sick pay arrangements'.

However, our experience with Julie Hayward's case and others since suggests a more cautious approach. After spending eight months as non-lawyers grappling with 'equal value' we endorse Denning's 'tortuosity and complexity' view of

industry alike, this limit is taken to task by the booklet's authors, who propose the limit should be 25 and then in the same breath accuse the tobacco industry of breaking this new arbitrary guideline.

What is particularly irresponsible about the booklet is that there are so many opinions presented as facts, so many inaccurate statistics and such blatant misinformation, to say nothing of several glaring inconsistencies in the tabulations, that no objective reviewer could possibly take the publication seriously.

To make sweeping accusations that the tobacco industry is breaking the terms of its voluntary agreement with government is, frankly, a gross misrepresentation of the way things are really

the regulations.

Despite this, however, legal aid is not available for representation in tribunals so employers have a considerable advantage over many women. Lord Gowrie told the Lords that 'only hopeless cases' should be excluded at the preliminary stages with women receiving the benefit of the doubt. Yet, already in the trickle of cases since Hayward, preliminary hearings are bogged down with masses of conflicting evidence, despite the tribunal's role only being to decide whether to call in an independent expert.

Another problem faces women who allege that their existing job evaluation systems are discriminatory. A five-day preliminary hearing of the Ford case showed that legally the burden of proof may make it impossible for all but the most clear-cut job evaluation cases to succeed.

Moreover, the government may have introduced the possibility of a 'market forces' defence where employers argue that certain male skills are at a premium. This in its own right may be sexist since the supply of many skills has been historically limited by barriers to women taking apprenticeships.

We believe that it would be self-indulgent to conclude by merely calling for a future Kinnock government to amend the amendment and for the enactment of legislation requiring employers to introduce positive action programmes. In the meantime it is essential that trade unions exploit what is exploitable from the equal value regulations. Negotiations, especially at national agreement level, must tackle low grades allocated to women workers. Julie Hayward's employers ironically tried to blame her low wage on a 'trade-union backed national agreement'. Negotiations must take account of job evaluation bias, the low access of women to bonus earnings and the problem that many women's jobs and earnings are controlled by often hostile men. The growing number of part-time women workers needs to be unionised and their wage levels raised.

Negotiators can postpone confronting the question of equal pay for work of equal value and breaking down job segregation. However, we would argue that few trade unionists would dare suggest that male workers take wage cuts to avoid privatisation. Why then should only women have to pay for the crisis.

Andrew Davies and Bernadette Hillon

Andrew Davies is Legal Officer and Bernadette Hillon Equal Rights Officer in the Liverpool, North Wales and Irish Region of the General Municipal Boilermakers and Allied Trades Union.

working. In fact, very great care is taken to check with magazines so that tobacco advertisements do not appear where young girls form a significant part of the readership profile.

Correction

An error crept in during the editing of Amrit Wilson's news story last week about a conference on the Swann Report (on multiracial education). Comments were wrongly attributed to Errol Lawrence, to whom she was in fact unable to speak. Our apologies.



Henry Iles

You

Derek Munn

A MAN OPENED the door. He looked at you, but I spoke and he reluctantly turned his eyes towards me as I explained that we were having trouble with the car. He had said nothing. There was a startled, guilty sort of look in his eyes. He seemed very defensive, the way he stood in the door.

Over the door was a tatty old wooden porch on which lay the rather strained growth from a couple of equally old and tatty looking roses. It wasn't big enough for us to have stood under without being too close to him so we stood in the rain. I asked if we might use his phone. He appeared completely passive, although I felt that he was impatient. I don't know why, there was no gesture, nothing I could pinpoint.

As soon as I stopped talking he took his eyes away from me and looked at you again, as if he resented me. I felt annoyed. He seemed to resent us, his having to

acknowledge us, though he looked at you differently, with a different sort of resentment. Resenting the fact that he found you interesting to look at.

You said, 'I'm sorry we're disturbing your Sunday afternoon.' That irritated me. I recognised that tone in your voice, and wished you weren't smiling the way you were. You do that. It isn't necessary. I looked at you, caught the edge of your smile, and was irritated by the way you implicated me with it.

'It's probably the wet,' he said, flatly, indifferently, so that it seemed not to open the way for anything else. 'Is that your car?' He gestured with his head to where the top of the Mini showed over the hedge. It hadn't been running properly for quite a few miles, spluttering, gradually giving less and less power. The rain was really heavy at times, sweeping across in front of us in great sheets. At one point you told me

to stop because you couldn't see beyond the rain hitting the road immediately in front of the bonnet. You got angry, but I was only going slowly. When we saw the cottages you said we should stop while we were near somewhere, to see if we could do anything, and get help if we needed it. I pulled up so we could decide. I thought we could get back all right. You were making too much fuss. As we sat there the engine cut out and when I tried to start it again I couldn't.

'The water lies badly round here,' he said. We had just come through quite a deep flood in a dip in the road before we saw the cottages, and you told him about it as I thought of it. I was irritated listening to you. He nodded, and for a moment turned his eyes to me again, but looked back at you when he said, 'It probably just needs to dry off.'

'Yes,' you said.

'You're getting soaked,' he said, as if he had only just noticed that it was still raining, 'why don't you come inside and wait.'

I didn't want to go in but it annoyed me to hear the way you said no, that we didn't want to waste his afternoon and that we could wait in the car. It was the way you said it. He insisted, looking out at the weather as if he were its proprietor. You smiled. I said we didn't mind sitting in the car but if we could perhaps just ring someone, but he didn't seem to take any notice of me, saying, 'Come in, it's no trouble, although I'm afraid I haven't got a phone.' That was so stupid, it hadn't even occurred to me. Then I heard you laugh and say you were sorry again as you were following him in.

THE DOOR LED STRAIGHT into the sitting-room. It wasn't a big room. In fact I remember being disappointed for some strange reason by its smallness. It was tidy, immaculately tidy, but cluttered, crammed with bits and pieces so that it was an ineffectual tidiness. He asked us to sit down, and you did straightaway, looking round as if you knew where you were and had a right to be familiar with it. I waited. I didn't like the room, it made me uncomfortable. Everything was familiar, the ornaments, the wallpaper, the furniture, they were things I didn't like. And we seemed to make no difference to him. I knew straight away that he was on his own, everything was so spotless, so perfect in its ghastly sort of way. On the mantelpiece there was a pair of china carthorses, one on each side. They were about a foot high, chestnut brown with white feet and white flashes on their faces. They were so highly glazed, so polished. Their shine frustrated me. I could imagine breaking them. Not violently, not throwing them or anything, just edging them gently off the shelf and watching them smash on the hearth tiles. I waited. The television was on, it was cricket. The pitch shone bright green-yellow into the room and you said, 'It's sunny there anyway, where are they playing?' He said it was Taunton. You said we were sorry again, for disturbing his cricket. He said it didn't matter. 'I ought to be in the garden,' he said, 'but you can't do anything when it's like this.' He gestured at the window, and suddenly the room seemed darker, even smaller.

You looked quite comfortable. It was like a trap. For a moment I looked at your legs. You were wearing a very short red skirt. You've got really brown this summer. He was looking at me. He wanted me to sit down. I said, 'Perhaps I'd better have a look at the plugs, have you got a piece of rag or a paper towel or something I could use?' He didn't answer very quickly,

he was too busy watching. He never changed, not once while we were there. I don't think I saw him smile, and yet I could feel him smile, knew when he was smiling. 'I can find something,' he said. And when he had gone out you said, 'Are you sure you know what you're doing?' You didn't smile. I thought there was something petty about the way you said it. I said, 'I'm only

6 I knew straightaway that he was on his own, everything was so spotless, so perfect in its ghastly sort of way. 9

going to look at the plugs,' and I tried not to sound too impatient. But the room was so small, I was so uncomfortable. I felt as if we were being watched all the time and that every word we said was being listened to. When he came back you asked if I wanted you to go with me. I was just going to answer when he said that you might as well stay there because you would only get wet, so I didn't say anything. I didn't want you to go with me and I didn't want you to stay. 'I won't be long,' I said.

IT WAS A ROW of three pairs of cottages. There wasn't anything else, they didn't seem to be the beginning of a village or anything. There were a few derelict barns just up the road. Perhaps there were more houses hidden in the landscape. At first we thought all the cottages were empty, the roofs looked rough and the gardens were overgrown. Then you noticed some flowers in one of the windows, and when we looked we saw that in the middle of all the tall grass was a small lawn edged by neat flower borders.

I looked back as I went up the narrow path, expecting to see him standing at the door or the window but he wasn't. It was still raining, a steady, monotonous rain. There was no sign of relief in the sky. You know I don't know anything about cars. I know. I've boasted about it often enough. But I still believe. I mean I can't believe that I don't really know anything. I always look, lift the bonnet and think I will see something that will make sense. It's like praying when you don't have any faith for something you know won't happen. But at least I know where the plugs are. I took the caps off and dabbed around with the paper tissue. I don't know whether I did any good or not. I don't suppose so. I was angry. You should have come out. I put the caps back, then I just waited, leaning over the engine with my head sheltered by the bonnet. I wasn't sheltered from the rain much, but more importantly I felt sheltered from the cottage, from the windows. I didn't want to

go straight back in but I didn't know what to do. It didn't feel as if I'd been out long enough.

I wondered what you were talking about. I shut the bonnet and sat in the car for a minute. I could smell the peaches we had eaten earlier, before it began to rain. We couldn't find anywhere to have the picnic. I just kept driving. There were either too many people about, or it was near a busy road, or there was nowhere nice to sit. It was as if I didn't want to stop. I just kept driving. You seemed happy. We were happy. I suppose I always expect too much. It was like when we got to the castle. We parked and walked around the grounds for a while. Then suddenly I didn't want to go in, although I didn't actually say that. There were crowds of people and it was still quite sunny. I wanted to go in and I didn't, I don't know what I felt. And when I said to you, 'Shall we go in?' you said you didn't mind. Neither of us would say what we wanted. It was stupid because that was what we had come for, that was what we had planned for the day, to see the castle and have our picnic. We actually walked up to the turnstiles, and I said it probably wasn't worth paying, and you seemed happy, but I was sorry because I knew we both really wanted to go in. So we went back to the car.

6 I wasn't sheltered from the rain much, but more importantly I felt sheltered from the cottage, from the windows. 9

By the time we stopped for the picnic it was getting cloudy, though it was still very warm, very close. I'd driven onto the small country roads to try to find somewhere quiet and I didn't know where we were any longer. I was a bit worried about the petrol.

In the end I could feel a sort of panic building up in me and it felt as if we would never stop. Then I stopped suddenly. It wasn't a bad place but nothing special, no better or worse than dozens of places we had already passed. A wide field gateway and a deep verge. We were on the side of a slight hill and looked down across the field. Away to the right was a village which was where the road we were on wound along to. I thought it would be quiet, and it was really, although a few cars passed us and the people in them looked at us as if we were strange and had no right to be there. There was still a bit of sun although the clouds drifting over us became more and more frequent and in the distance we could see the solid bank of darkness which would become the storm. It was a deep all

coloured darkness like bruising.

We sat on the grass and ate. I had brought wine. I have got the photographs we took. They are mostly of you, I hate being in photographs. Eating, sitting, standing. There is one of you sitting, laughing, a large cream meringue at your mouth. The bottle stands on your right. Your blouse shines white, your skirt hardly covers any of your legs which are stretching smoothly towards me lit with the sheen of your tan. I had taken my shoes off and they sit large and ridiculous in the foreground.

We sat, we sprawled, touched, but never really settled, didn't lie down and relax and forget the time that was leaving us. We locked the car up and walked a way. It was so close, our arms hung so limply. Occasionally we touched, but it was like reassurance, like memory. We had become quiet, very calm. We didn't walk far, never let the car go out of our sight and in fact we kept looking back as we walked to where it was standing. We didn't make love, it was almost as if we were too happy, too calm. I remember the quiet. We sat in the car. We kissed. You said, 'Talk to me.' 'What about?' I said. 'Anything,' you said, 'just talk to me,' and because you said that I couldn't. I couldn't think of anything to say. I rested my head in your lap, nuzzling you. I wanted to smell you, but I could only smell your perfume. It began to rain.

BEFORE I GOT OUT of the car I started the engine. It started first time. The rain hadn't changed. I was impatient to collect you and get away from there. But when I walked back into the cottage you were sitting on the edge of your seat holding a cup of tea on your knee. You seemed almost surprised to see me. That habit you have of staring as you smile, your eyes very wide. He went off to get me a cup straight-away without asking.

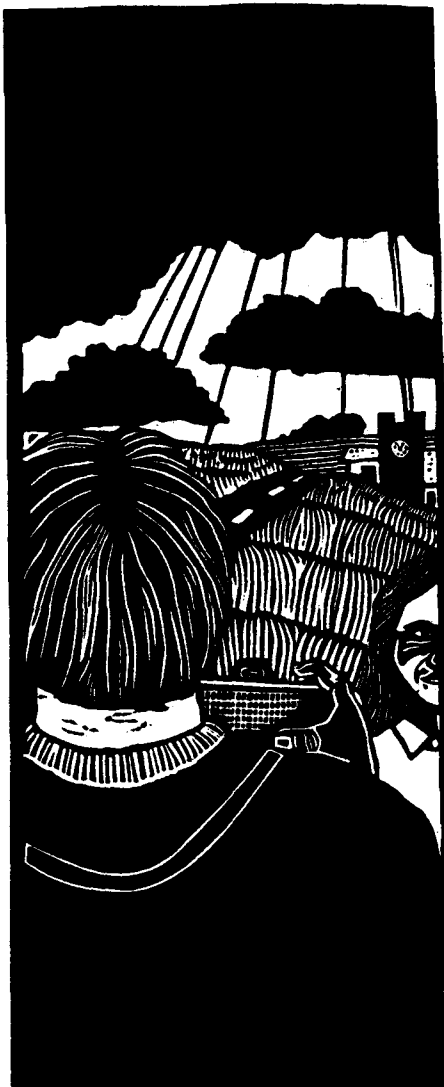
6 You were smiling at him. He offered biscuits from a plate but I didn't take one. 9

'Is it all right?' you said. I said, 'Yes, we can go when you're ready.' 'Good,' you said. Your eyes were still the same. I noticed that the television wasn't on any more.

'Have you got it going?' he said when he brought my tea. I thought he sounded amused. 'Yes,' I said. 'Good,' he said. You were smiling at him. He offered biscuits from a plate but I didn't take one.

'You were lucky it wasn't like this for your picnic,' he said. I looked at you, you smiled.

'Yes.'



'It's really changed,' he said, then for a moment looked at neither of us but gazed at the window before bringing his attention back and sipping his tea. I felt isolated in the quiet. You looked so settled. I wondered again what you had said while I was outside, and in a similar way I found I was wondering what we had talked about earlier. I couldn't think, couldn't imagine what we had said to each other.

'That's my wife,' he said. I looked up and you were looking at some photographs standing on a table next to the arm of your chair. 'She's been dead fifteen years now.'

'And who's that, is it your son?' You pointed to another picture.

'Yes, that's right, and those are his children.' He got up and moved two small, not very good colour photographs towards you. 'He's a teacher.'

'They're lovely,' you said, 'aren't they,' and looked at me.

'Yes.'

You tilted your head back and pushed your fingers up through your hair. You always do that. It was the first thing I noticed about you. I loved the movement. It was as if everything else about you was built around that gesture. I used to think you came to know people through their

habits, a sort of privilege of intimacy, but it's not true. We hide behind habits, we distance ourselves through them.

'Yes, fifteen years I've been on my own now. It's funny when you think about it. I used to work on the farm just up the road. I'm retired now of course, though they still like me to do odd jobs for them now and then. Otherwise the garden keeps me busy, and keeping the house tidy. My wife used to keep everything spotless. I do it all as best I can, but when you're on your own it's not so important really.' His voice had seemed to get more interested as he spoke, as if it was important that he explain to us.

'You've got it very nice, very comfortable,' you said. He seemed pleased. I had finished my tea and knew you had as well, but you asked if all the other cottages were empty. He said they were.

'There was an old lady lived in the end one until a few months ago. She was a poor old thing. I used to go every day and empty her bucket, see she was all right. The district nurse used to come every day as well, and meals on wheels and so on. But it was too much really. She was eighty-eight. They'd been trying to persuade her to move for years but she wouldn't. Then she was ill and they took her to hospital, and she died the next day.'

'That's sad,' you said. He offered another cup of tea. I said no, and stood up so that there would be no question, and that we ought to be getting going. He looked at you but you agreed with me, adding that we were better not to leave it too late because we didn't know how the car would be.

We didn't look at each other as you got up and we handed the cups back and manoeuvred to the door. We thanked him. I went out. You stayed behind a moment and I heard you thanking him again, and apologising. I didn't hear what he said. Then as we were walking up the path he called from the door that if we were ever passing again we should call in, there would always be a cup of tea. You said, 'Yes, that would be nice.'

I LOOKED BACK once before we got to the car. He was still standing at the door. And I thought, I know what I should be thinking, I know what I ought to feel. But I couldn't say anything. I wanted to look at him again. I felt cut off. Neither of us had spoken. I said, 'He was a funny old chap wasn't he.' It wasn't really what I wanted to say, I didn't think it, it wasn't in my mind. It's just one of those things you say. I just wanted to speak. And I looked at you across the top of the car, but you didn't say anything. You just looked at me, the same way he did when we first went to the door. It was as if I had just stolen you from him. □

Memories are made of EPR correlations?

Felix Pirani



level of epistemology than on that of physics, but they have from time to time provided the stimulus for interesting new experiments. One series of experiments, carried out in the early Eighties at the University of Paris by Alain Aspect and his collaborators, was designed to test some deductions from quantum mechanics published in 1964 by John S. Bell; Bell in turn had been stimulated by a 1935 paper of Einstein, Boris Podolsky and Nathan Rosen (EPR).

The EPR paper describes a situation in which, according to quantum mechanics, one can infer from an experimental measurement made at one location (*A*) properties of a physical object at another location (*B*). Location *B* is so far from *A* that there is no possibility of *A* exerting any influence on *B*, or transmitting any information to *B*, by any known process, in the time available.

Einstein contended that in these circumstances the physical properties of *B* could not depend on the kind of experiment carried out at *A*, or indeed on whether an experiment was carried out at all. He inferred that *B* must therefore have had these properties all along. For the properties in question, this is contrary to quantum mechanics. Einstein concluded that the description of reality provided by quantum mechanics is incomplete.

However, Bell showed that, according to quantum mechanics, *B* could not in fact possess the contested properties. Aspect's experiments confirmed Bell's deductions. It is difficult to escape the conclusions that Einstein's contention was wrong and that one cannot always take for granted the independent existence of the physical reality present in different parts of space. This conclusion is in striking conflict with everyday expectations based on classical mechanics. (I shall not pretend here to give details of the EPR situation, of Bell's results or of Aspect's experiments. There is a not-a-very-technical account by David Mermin in *Physics Today* for April 1985.)

Whatever the issues about its interpretation, there can be no doubt of the efficacy of quantum mechanics. It supplies an explanation of atomic structure and atomic stability, neither of which is intelligible on the basis of classical mechanics, and it provides a theoretical foundation for the design of lasers, microchips, nuclear weapons and other achievements of modern technology. As a result of this efficacy, physics has become the dominant science. As has been thoroughly documented, dominant classes make use of this dominant science to hide oppression and exploitation behind a screen of technical necessity. As a reward for connivance in this deception, experts in physics are allowed to pose as experts in everything.

Professor Wolf's book can perhaps be understood in this context. He sets out boldly to give a quantum-mechanical description of mental processes. He believes that

the latest discoveries in physics ... will appear quite revolutionary and also provide the unification of several schools of thinking, including the Freudian, the Jungian, the various humanistic psychological schools, and Buddhist and Hindu schools, not to mention Judaism and Christianity.

Throughout the book, popular presentations

Mind and the New Physics
FRED ALAN WOLF *Heinemann* £14.95

THE 'NEW PHYSICS' here means quantum mechanics, which was invented by Erwin Schrodinger, Werner Heisenberg and Max Born about 1925. It succeeded the 'old quantum theory' associated with the names of Max Planck, Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr.

The fundamental achievement of quantum mechanics was to synthesise the ideas of particle and wave into a single new concept. At the same time, a number of other ideas which had come to be taken for granted had to be given up. One of these was that one could at the same time determine, with an accuracy limited only by one's technique, any two chosen physical quantities — for example, the position and the speed of a moving body. On the contrary, according to quantum mechanics, there are limitations of principle on the accuracy with which such pairs of measurements can be made. For objects of everyday size, such as ballistic missiles, footballs or grains of sand, these limitations are so broad as to be completely unimportant and untestable, but on the atomic

scale they are crucial.

Quantum mechanics has remained unaltered in its essentials for 60 years, but disputes about its interpretation have raged without cease. From some points of view, the widely accepted assertion about pairs of measurements made in the preceding paragraph would be criticised. At the very least, it would be pointed out, one should say that 'position' and 'speed' do not have quite the same meaning in quantum mechanics as they do in everyday speech.

Some would say that quantum mechanics should never be applied to individual objects or single physical systems at all, but only to assemblages of identical objects, and that about these it is possible to make only statistical predictions, and not predictions of individual behaviour. This is the 'statistical interpretation'. Others would say that only atomic systems should be described by quantum mechanics and would draw a firm line between these and systems of everyday size, which latter they would describe by the 'classical mechanics' of Isaac Newton and his successors. This is one rather crude version of the 'Copenhagen interpretation' (Bohr and his school worked at Copenhagen).

The interpretations lie much more on the

of parts of quantum mechanics alternate with speculations about mental processes. Technically difficult passages are denoted by heavy rules in margins. Although he inveighs against reductionism more than once, he claims that 'The origin of the unconscious is the quantum-physical nature of our neurons', that 'mind will not be found in any physical pattern of our brain material, but instead in quantum wave functions' and that 'it is possible to form a quantum-physical model of love and hate'. The recent discoveries referred to above enter into such assertions as that 'Romantic memories are made of EPR correlations between electrons'. Not surprisingly, these hypotheses have yet to be completely worked out.

Not only is the unconscious reduced to quantum mechanics; electrons become subjects: 'Thus the electron's very existence is defined by its desire and its fear to return to the timeless, spaceless state of pure light.' And then, moving through several levels of discourse, a page or so later, 'Thus any individual person, animal or plant, being made of electrons, contains electrons' fears.... The fear of death ... thus originates in the electron's fear....'

The author also gives some account of how he came to develop his ideas. About 1970, 'When a fellow faculty member pointed out to me that naive American soldiers were murdering Vietnamese children, I was shocked out of my narcissistic lethargy'.

Further on, he makes his philosophical position clear — 'Everything is created by an act of consciousness' — and restates his starting point: 'The fundamental axiom of my research is that the scientific basis for all consciousness is contained in the three laws of quantum mechanics.' Which recalls Einstein's tag, 'Challenge your axioms'. Probably nobody will. I am told that the brain structures likely to be important for the mental processes discussed, insofar as they are at present understood, are much too large for the quantum effects adduced here to have any relevance. But no biophysicist is likely to take the book seriously enough to work this through in detail. Someone should. Books which reinforce the mystification of science deserve refutation. □

PAPERBACKS

It really happened

Alan Brien

THOUGH FOR NEARLY 20 years I wrote a weekly piece in *Punch*, I never really discovered how to look at a cartoon. In editorial conference, they soon stopped soliciting my opinion, embarrassed by the way my face set rigid as I searched in panic for what was meant to be funny. Like famed, awkward *New Yorker* editor Harold Ross I tended to ask some such dumb question as 'Who's speaking?' or even 'Is that a fish he's holding or a sub-machine-gun?'

It seemed to me — still does — that most cartoons rely for their humour on the caption. When somebody 'tells' you a cartoon, providing only a minimal outline of the visuals,

you still laugh. If you're me, you are more likely to laugh. It would still be a good joke, though the same joke, if it had been illustrated by any of a dozen cartoonists. Examine the newspaper pocket-cartoon where the protagonist has long been stereotyped, retaining over decades much the same expression and stance. What is being sold is a daily witticism (often very funny) rather than a daily drawing.

Michael Heath is an exception to this, as to many other rules. In *Welcome to America* (Heinemann, £5.95) I at first thought I might be missing the improvised, free-flow of fantasy commentary, like spoken jazz, with which, as his colleagues on *Punch*, *Private Eye*, the *Guardian*, the *Standard* and the *Sunday Times* know to their delight, he accompanies the delivery of his cartoons. But as I began to visit the pages regularly, I soon realised that it was all there in the draughtsmanship, packing in one detonation after another like lethal Chinese crackers.

Like Steinberg and Grosz — and stylistically he is somewhere between — Heath needs no translators. *Welcome to America* is a convulsive, painful gut-reaction rejecting as alien and intolerable all the polluting overflow of a society devoted to self-love, success, mutual admiration, smugness and ignorance of the rest of the world. His images vary from acid-etched hyper-realism to surrealist imaginings — a hand from the clouds squeezing out through an icing-gun yet another skyscraper; two gasping, engorged joggers followed, cold on their heels, by a pounding skeleton.

Words are important, since this is a world where language is always being tortured, but only inside the drawings. 'Have a nice day now!' — the threatening, admonitory good wish — is regularly interwoven with the pleading, hostile demand — 'Got any small change, friend?' The two form a daisy-chain of push and pull linking the most bizarre and incongruous couplings.

Nothing here can easily be turned into prose. The reviewer is strained to the limits to describe what is drawn. Let me take one of the easiest — a page that made me cough with laughter — entitled 'Self-made Americans'. Here are a vast, inflated, husband-and-wife couple, in bursting sportswear, stomping forward, about to overwhelm us from the page. (Heath has brilliantly tampered with perspective so that greedy hands reach out to shake yours, the whale-belly of a jumbo jet sucks you in.) On the bulging front of the male is the formula — 'Ingredients: carbonated water, sugar, color (caramel), phosphoric acid, caffeine natural flavourings, extract of cola nuts, vanilline, emulsifier E450 ...'

Stephen Brook's *New York Days, New York Nights* (Picador, £3.50) is another Limey's eye view of what a friend of mine once called 'The Last Twenty-Five Minutes of the American Empire'. Between, and sometimes along, the lines of this unusual and enterprising guide-book, I get the impression that Brook often shares Heath's instinctive revulsion. But he is determined to maintain his anthropological stance and penetrate all the rituals and taboos he can survive alive. The style is somewhat approximate, often using the sensational *mot injuste* for the less showy exact term. Nevertheless I found it, as someone who

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lived there for two years in the Sixties and has been a regular visitor ever since, a fascinatingly readable exploration of (basically) Manhattan. I also appreciated his concern — unlike almost all his rivals — for the *ideas* of New Yorkers, their cultural, economic, and political rituals.

Though I know there is no such thing as an objective statement outside mathematics (possibly not even there), I do like to know how far any book of travel or autobiography can be regarded by the reader as, at least, the author's prejudiced attempt at getting things straight. Once I am warned by a Clive James or a Jonathan Raban that a certain amount of invention has been employed, I begin to feel my interest leak out at my finger tips. It seems to me then that what they are attempting and offering is a novel, but a novel protected from the usual critical tests (character, plot, narrative tension, suspension of disbelief) by the claim — *but it really happened!*

One of my favourite autobiographers is Eric Newby, and I have enjoyed, and hope I have transmitted my enjoyment here, such works in paperback as *A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush*, *Slowly Down the Ganges and Love and War in the Appenines*. **Something Wholesale: My Life and Times in the Rag Trade** (Picador, £2.95) fills in the gap between his return to London, after a stretch in a prisoner-of-war camp in 1945, and his departure for India ten years later. I have no complaint about the wealth of eccentric creatures who criss-cross the pages as in a Feydeau farce and I laughed a lot. But I could not help worrying, in my nagging way, at the sort of comic devices, particularly extreme exaggeration, over-familiar to an old *Punch* hand, with which he seemed to mine every incident. Old clothes that might have fallen in to holes *crumbled to dust*; breaths that might have echoed a little gin are thick with garlic. Sometimes, it seems as good as something new-found in Evelyn Waugh's back drawer. But it disturbs me when I cannot quite believe an account first printed 15 years later, then issued with revisions after another eight.

Luis Bunuel's **My Last Breath** (Flamingo, £3.50) has been denounced as a posthumous self-memoir ghosted by a long-time friend and collaborator, Jean-Claude Carriere, which garbles and confuses the life of the great anarchist movie-maker. I can only say I found it a continual revelation and delight. I warmed to almost all of Bunuel's prejudices, such as his praise for drink and cigarettes (even though I no longer smoke) as sources of inspiration to the creative writer. His tittle was gin, and his tribute is so persuasive that, though I hate gin, I am thinking of switching from Scotch in his honour. A lovely mix of hard-edged poetry, polished anecdote and defiantly subversive dissidence.

Alexander Herzen's *My Past and Thoughts* is one of the world's greatest works of self-history, its three volumes, Russia, Europe, London, almost exactly paralleling the feel and taste of each after the fashion of Tolstoy, Flaubert and Dickens. The first half has been well abridged and edited as *Childhood, Youth and Exile* in Worlds Classics. Now they have followed it with **Ends and Beginnings** (Worlds Classics, £4.95). If I had ten wishes, one would be not to have read Herzen and so be able to start his autobiography again. □

Acts and facts of travel

David Montrose

Slow Boats Home

GAVIN YOUNG *Hutchinson* £12.95

So Far from God . . . A Journey to Central America

PATRICK MARNHAM *Cape* £9.95

Honkytonk Gelato: Travels Through Texas

STEPHEN BROOK *Hamish Hamilton* £9.95

Sunrise with Seamonsters: Travels and Discoveries 1964-1984

PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £12.50

TRAVEL BOOKS can be divided into reports of fact-finding missions — which emphasise sights seen, people met, knowledge acquired — and accounts of stunts, where the act of travelling itself receives greatest prominence. Gavin Young's admirable *Slow Boats to China* (1981) belonged to the latter class: he ship-hopped from Piraeus to Canton, enlisting 23 assorted vessels *en route*. **Slow Boats Home**, its sequel, chronicles the voyage from Hong Kong to Blighty which, in 1982, completed his circumnavigation.

A dominant feature of the earlier book was Young's difficulties, as a lone traveller, in obtaining transport and negotiating officialdom. So, when those difficulties resurface at the start here, one gloomily anticipates that the definition of sequels as 'more of the same, then too much' will be vindicated. In fact, until reaching South America, Young enjoys smooth progress. Consequently, his Pacific crossing — which occupies over half the book — becomes more fact-finding mission than stunt. Young's recurrent concern is with 'that grim saga — the Fatal Impact of white men on the South Seas'. While conspicuously influenced by romantic notions of the 'noble savage', he still presents a damning case, charting a history of deracination — through disease, alcohol, missionary religion, colonial exploitation — culminating in today's tourism-linked spread of concrete and neon.

In Samoa, Young first learns of the Falklands conflict. Arriving in Valparaiso, he finds that a Royal Navy blockade will thwart his ambition to round the Horn. Courtesy of the Chilean army, though, he does receive the unenviable compensation of a midwinter stay on Cape Horn Island. Obligated to 'cheat' by air, Young returns to the water at Rio, only for his vessel to run aground. With a connection to meet at Cape Town, he again resorts to flight. Then it is home, via St Helena, Ascension, Dakar, the Canaries, Lisbon and Boulogne. As a boy, Gavin Young dreamed of adventure at sea. That dream — 'of ships and stars and isles' — is a potent one, and watching him fulfil it affords considerable pleasure.

Patrick Marnham and Stephen Brook are fact-finders with specific questions in mind. The record of a journey by bus and train from

the US/Mexico border to Nicaragua, **So Far from God** is informed by a preoccupation with systems of belief. For Marnham, a Catholic, the paradox of Central America is that a highly religious people should lack a complementary public morality. Instead, lives are shaped by greed and violence. Bent politicians feather their nests, political antipathies are pursued through armed force. In Mexico, Marnham hears about a senator accused of defrauding the state of \$34 million; in El Salvador, a death squad victim is dumped outside his hotel. Despite considering Marxism 'the redundant theories of a Victorian economist', he concludes reluctantly that its 'parallel church' alone offers a possible solution to the corruption and mayhem. Happily, Marnham's preoccupation did not make his trip a blinkered quest for data. In the chapters on Mexico especially, *So Far from God* is a vivid log of experiences and impressions, with local colour and diverting encounters aplenty.

Brook went to discover if the popular image of Texan life is an accurate one. But his verdict — Yes — rests on loaded evidence. In **Honkytonk Gelato** Brook pays closest attention to the familiar macho, materialistic Texas of booming cities, oil wells and vast ranches. His Toyota-borne excursions into the sticks, by contrast, mainly result in perfunctory catalogues of roads taken, towns passed through, rivers crossed, eating places patronised. The exceptions are sardonic reports on such stereotype-confirming curiosities as the Tyler Rose Festival and the annual World Championship Chili Cookoff at Terlingua.

In Dallas and Houston, the people Brook mixes with are invariably white and usually prosperous (the remainder are 'ultra-rich'). His Whickeresque confabs with these true-blue fat cats provide trenchant glimpses of an ideology fashioned from avarice and ambition. Unfortunately, little is shown of the other side. The poor, blacks and Hispanics only fleetingly make Brook's acquaintance; the ghetto and the barrio go uninvestigated. Early on, he mentions that the local intelligentsia 'rejects the prevailing notion that big is beautiful'. The intelligentsia is rarely evident thereafter. *Honkytonk Gelato* is light and agreeable (though smart-alecky in parts), but one cannot help wishing that Brook had written something rather different. Still, at least he didn't visit Southfork.

Sunrise with Seamonsters is a partial gathering of fugitive pieces on journeys and places, writers and books. The earliest examples of the first category, dating from Theroux's stint with the Peace Corps in Malawi, are notable as the testimony of a resident, not a traveller who paused and moved on: in particular, 'Tarzan is an Expatriate', an insider's account of white attitudes in post-colonial Africa. 'The Killing of Hastings Banda', an entertaining tale of personal misadventure, relates the circumstances of Theroux's eventual expulsion from Malawi. Elsewhere, he ranges from Ireland to Malaysia to Medford, Massachusetts (his home town), and Cape Cod (his summer haunt), with his love of railways figuring prominently. Quality tends to match wordage. Certainly, the best things — on the New York subway, India, Afghanistan — are among the longest, while the briefest ('The

Night Ferry to Paris', 'A Circuit of Corsica', 'The Orient Express') are humdrum travel magazine material. The literary pieces — essays, reviews, introductions — are generally unremarkable, but do include warm appreciations of V.S. Pritchett and V.S. Naipaul, and a satisfying hatchet-job on Nixon's memoirs. The acid test of collections like this is whether the stronger or the weaker exhibits leave the abiding impressions. In this case, the strong have it. □

FICTION

Larger than life

Roger Lewis

Stalin's Orphans

RICHARD APPIGNANESI *Quartet* £8.95

Still Life

A. S. BYATT *Chatto* £9.95

Eve

PENELOPE FARMER *Gollancz* £8.95

The Cider House Rules

JOHN IRVING *Cape* £8.95

Artist Unknown

ROBERT RUBENS *Bachman & Turner* £7.50

THE NOVEL-SEQUENCE is a compelling form. It can be meditative, slowly revealing its secrets, a giant stretching (Proust); it can be garrulous comedy, fresh episodes slotted on to predecessors in an endless train (Anthony Powell). Both A. S. Byatt and Richard Appignanesi are essaying tetralogies. Part One of the latter's *Italia Perversa* is now before us. Called **Stalin's Orphans** it will, however, have to stay before me a while longer before I can make sense of it. *Quartet* promises Part II in the autumn (*The Mosque*); Part III (*Destroying America*) next spring. Since the members of the group are to rendezvous with such reasonable promptitude, what was the point of their trifurcation?

Stalin's Orphans alone left me flummoxed. It was a breathless dash between Montreal, Vienna, Zagreb... an international cast in international contexts. There seemed to be a dash of sex; intrigue in railway carriages; learned references to Freud, Wittgenstein, Kurt Weill, etc. A Portuguese poem loomed at one juncture (helpfully translated in italicised interstices) and footnotes educated the reader in the recondite. *Pretentious* was the word which came to mind; but down, wanton word, down. I'll forswear opinion a twelvemonth.

Appignanesi, it is true, suffers ill alongside Antonia Byatt. **Still Life**, number two in a proposed trilogy (*The Virgin in the Garden* was published in 1978), numbers among the best new novels I've ever read. Byatt has absorbed with a knowing love the great 19th-century novelistic tradition and, miraculously, wears this learning lightly. Margaret Drabble may be her biological sibling, but Iris Murdoch is her creative one — indeed, Byatt's *Degrees of Freedom* is the best book written on Murdoch. They share a world of intellectual passion, of high, almost angelic intelligence.

New Statesman 28 June 1985

Still Life is about how art isn't still — how stagnancy resides in reality — and the chasm which divides the 'real-life' of art from the benumbing idiocy of 'reality' is crossed and explored only by the subtlest talents. It is the domain where Emma marries dull Mr Knightley; where Dorothea learns that the world, after all, is very small; where Isabel Archer forswears a liberty of which she was very fond; where Proust's layers and reticulations of memory unfurl. *Still Life*, a family epic and a study of domestic inertia versus professionalism is, moreover, a disquisition about the greatest of paradoxes: how fiction's real-life is more real than reality. Byatt, at last, shows that a novel can think about itself without resorting to nervous Borgesian paper-puzzles, tricks, tics.

Big in the novel is Proust. As in *Du Côté de chez Swann*, Byatt wants to select those moments and elements from her characters' lives which reveal true natures; moments and elements which pare the characters as if naked on an operating table. Corduroys give away Daniel — 'like a man who smelled dirty, but in fact didn't.' Learning odd words (*tisane, tilleul*) gives away Frederica: she is bristlingly bright, but she's also deeply egocentric; she's uninterested in the French family with whom she stays except as raw material for her vocabulary.

In this she's her father's true daughter. Bill Potter is a bully. His agnosticism gives him away. It's less intellectual liberalism than a licence to sneer. His son, Marcus, a jangling adolescent, is tyrannised into catatonia. His wife, Winifred, is tyrannised into a meek dutifulness. One brilliant scene catches her gazing at 'the small silver things' which constitute the condiments. Silently, she rages at the dying of the light; she is growing old, unnoticed, unloved. If, in reality, Bill overpowers her, in the real-life of her imagination it is precisely those bibelots and trinkets, as she dusts and polishes them, which oppress her the most. Objects are despotic — hence the fate of Stephanie, Frederica's older sister, who abandoned academe for good works and who drudges for Daniel and brings up babies ('fear, boredom, pain, frustration, humiliation'). In the novel's single moment of drama, she is electrocuted by the refrigerator. 'There's no life in things,' we've been told. But there is. The still-life is that which snaps back.

To whizz through other new publications: in **Eve**, Penelope Farmer allows our common ancestress to snap back. It's a squib about the Eternal Woman who's more sinned against than sinning. Mommie dearest is a pertinacious playmate, born full grown from Adam's rib — and thus a bizarre mix of child and wife. Primal sin? Primal incest? Eden is like being locked in a park with no pals but the serpent. The angels are bossy foremen; Adam earnestly gardens; Jehovah sneaks about, half park-keeper, half peeping-tom. The fall is necessary relief from boredom and tittle-tattle. *Eve* is a satire on *Genesis* and *Paradise Lost* Bk IV. It is as though Mrs Milton slipped in a few pages of her own while her blind spouse had tapped down to the pub.

The Cider House Rules is a thick brick of a book. It deserves to be thrown back through John Irving's window. A black comedy about

abortion is not funny, not because abortion can't be made funny but because Irving isn't a comedian. Homer Wells is a Holy Fool (like Garp) who, in being winsome, is tiresome. Dr Wilbur Larch, abortionist, is the tenth carbon of a Dickens grotesque (*David Copperfield* is quoted passim to little effect).

Whores come to the clinic with 'menstrual suppression' (i.e. they're pregnant). Some furnish orphans (like Wells); most opt for turps, hose-pipe, electric-pump and spatulae. Wells becomes Larch's adopted helpmeet and eventually takes over the business. Why does Larch do what he does? Because he's riddled with clap and daren't ever assist reproduction processes... A ghoulish idea, conveyed with a misfired levity.

Despite the hand-written slip from the publisher ('we hope now that you will give him the sort of critical attention we feel he deserves') which fluttered out of **Artist Unknown**, all that can be said of Robert Rubens's farce about mismatched Minis, lost luggage and a lost painting is that it is creakily theatrical: a potage of *What's Up Doc* (without the odd-ballishness), Ben Travers (without the timing), Oscar Wilde (without the wit, intelligence or paradox). Even the best line ('I have always found personal letters to be one of the more convenient means of deception') is desperate because familiar. □

Evil isn't ordinary

Robert del Quiaro

The Disappeared: Voices from a Secret War

JOHN SIMPSON and JANA BENNETT
Robson Books £12.95

SOME EXAMPLES of the decline of reportage in English matter more than others. The inadequacy of the kind of prose allowed to pass by editors these days is the more apparent when the writing is put to work at book length.

The slaughter in Argentina, meant to be a war against subversion, was a great contemporary crime that requires a muse of fire so that it may be well understood and its like securely prevented. In this book, the writing is never better than mediocre, often clumsy and a few phrases are incomprehensible. (Sample: 'Argentina is a country which is unable to come to terms with all of its history, all of the time there always has to be a blind spot somewhere of one sort or another.')

'A mere recitation of the facts of what happened seemed to us insufficient; it was the experience that we wanted to convey,' the authors say in the preface. Whether or not they aimed higher than they knew, their workaday, lukewarm book fails to communicate how sustained massacre for political purposes was felt. They are eclipsed by Michael Herr, to look no further than reporters and say nothing of Goya and Shostakovich.

Like other writers who have dealt with such enormities, the authors pluck out of context Hannah Arendt's phrase 'the banality of evil' and put it to suspect use. Yes, the crimes

reported took place in the context of the commonplace. Torturers ate lunch at tables cleared only a few minutes before of naked prisoners writhing in pain beyond all imagining. Yes, the kidnappers in their unmarked Fords were often keener on looting the homes of the abducted than on suppressing subversion.

But the notion that evil is banal collapses before the manifestation of scything extermination, as by the Nazis, as by the Argentine military. Evil expressed in a concrete barracks by a dullard NCO with a headful of nonsense about Marxist-Zionist conspiracies to undermine the Christian West — rather than by gleaming, reeking arch-demons plotting the downfall of heaven in a Miltonic hell — is nonetheless extraordinary, and to be resisted by our best efforts to cherish one another. Run-of-the-mill reportage obscures not only the corrosiveness of those crimes but also their causes.

Apart from the problem of style, the authors, although they present much information, show little grasp of the roots of the disrespect, the social divisions, that make for sponsored violence in Argentina. The fumbling over the nature of Peronism is excusable — better informed authors than these have been flummoxed by that phenomenon — but not so the errors of fact (Mexico has no border with Venezuela, for instance), contradictory statements within the one text, sloppy proof-reading and editing.

Basic boners in the account of the macro-economy suggest it was mugged up without full understanding of what was being taken on board, although there is good material on the military's financial corruption. The authors do not properly explain why the military's will to suppress and govern ran out of steam, and the account of the transition from Videla, through Galtieri, to Alfonsín is spoiled by too much detail, fractured chronology and dispersal of themes.

The Argentine shambles still awaits its Addison and Swift of the word-processor. □

Burn out

Oliver Harris

Memory Babe: A Critical Biography of Jack Kerouac

GERRY NICOSIA *Viking* £16.95

'FAME?' SAID KEROUAC, 'It's like old newspapers blowing down Bleecker Street.' As every biography has testified, the kind of celebrity that the King of the Beats suffered proved both vacuous and vicious. Who killed Jack Kerouac? What happened to the sensitive spirit, the all-American boy with the wistful blue eyes, coal-black hair and lumberjack shirts? He paid in full for membership of what he called the Shakespeare Squadron, for being a 'spy in someone's body'. Jack Kerouac died of the writer's over-exposure of the soul, his humility transformed into humiliation in the flash-bulb of success.

Gerry Nicosia's critical biography is a clear-headed, honest documentary of a broken-hearted tragedy. After 700 pages of exhaustive research, it also becomes quite exhausting as it relates in every detail the terrible attrition of life and legend. *Memory Babe* isn't the masterpiece hailed by the jacket blurb, but it is compassionate and, in a word, definitive.

The image that sticks is that of Gregory Corso witnessing a drunken Kerouac having his head smashed repeatedly on the curb outside a bar. Punch-drunk, used and abused — his last years make chilling reading. Reduced to a Dylan Thomas loutish spectacle, he retreated into alcoholic expiation for whatever sins he could not forgive himself.

The opening years are the least interesting, having that sickly, small-town quality of *The Town and the City*, a cross between Thomas Wolfe and the Waltons. Over the crippling conditions of his Catholic youth stretches the shadow of Mémère, pulling the guilt-strings of her little Jackie to the end.

In the Bebop era, arriving green in New York, the introvert intellectual took up the ideal escapist solitude of the writer. Like his jazz heroes, faced with the tragedy of his life his instinct was to outrun it, to blow, to hold the horn, like Lester Young, up high. And, as for them too, drugs could not postpone but only accelerate the inevitable detumescence and doom, because the light he gave off was from burning.

An observer rather than a doer, Kerouac found his blood brother and mirror-image in Neal Cassady, the Johnson to his Boswell. His self-consuming, savage alter ego ended up driving Kesey's day-glow Prankster bus, named — desperately — 'Further', while Kerouac was tipping up bottles of cognac as if looking for something inside. What beat them was the Second Law of Thermodynamics: at the end of *On the Road* they drive through the heat of the Mexican night with the windows down, faster and faster just to keep cool. For an obsessive writer, life was merely the pretext, the fuel to keep the combustion engine revving. So the middle-aged wreck of body and heart was a shock without surprise. It was the difference between driving and being driven, as impulsive activity turned ruinously compulsive. Kerouac was simply unable to prove equal to his invented self.

Most enduringly, he scripted the dreams of two generations — but with all the ironic incomprehension of the sorcerer's apprentice. After the rush of all that energy and appetite, after the endless sexual triangles, after the Song of the Open Road, came the lonely crack-up.

And Kerouac's legacy? Credit for personalising the novel, for eschewing the decorums of artifice? Or as martyr to an unworthy world that mocked him by converting one man's myth into the fashion of a million beatniks and hippies? At least *On the Road* will, like *Huckleberry Finn*, remain a classic rhapsody of initiation. It is always easy to deride a writer as openly confessional as Kerouac, and he was cruelly salamied by the butcher-critics of his day. But to put him down may be the greatest self-indictment: remember F.R. Leavis snorting that an enthusiasm for Shelley was an affair of adolescence. And who would wish to grow old with Leavis? □

Beat the drum

John Spurling

Michael Sandle

Fischer Fine Art

John Hubbard: The Breath of Nature Tierra y Libertad!

Both at Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, until 28 July

I MUST APOLOGISE to the Tate for a mistake last November. Berating the gallery for the abysmal result of last year's Turner Prize, I accused it of not possessing a single work by the sculptor Michael Sandle. It does possess a single work: a lithograph presented in 1976.

Sandle is a regular exhibitor, both in mixed and one-person shows, but his career has been measured out by the sudden appearance of single, monumental pieces: most memorably the *Monumentum pro Gesualdo* in 1969 and *A 20th Century Memorial* in 1978. When I reviewed his exhibition in Bristol last November I most admired his large, apocalyptic watercolours; these, together with many small studies and three bronze maquettes for the projected Orwell monument at Wigan, were shown again in the exhibition which has just closed at Fischer's and which was unfortunately not open long enough for this part-time column to review. But no self-respecting column, however part-time, could ignore the fact that the Fischer show also included — completed only just in time to be exhibited — the latest Sandle heavyweight.

The Drummer is a nine-foot-high black bronze figure immediately recognisable — pack on back, straps over chest, side-drum in front — as a soldier, except that the head is more like that of a horse and the straps have proliferated into something resembling grave-bands, impeding the figure's drumming arms and even falling round its knees and feet as if to stop its inexorable forward march; and instead of the cap or bearskin there is a Christian halo, sliced, like the blade of circular saw, into the top of the head from front to back. The teeming facets of the figure and its machine-like energy are reminiscent of Vorticism and the sinister masked head recalls Epstein's *Rock Drill*, but, as in all Sandle's work, the references are ambivalent. The figure is both victim and aggressor, a grim reminder of ancient wars and a stirrer up of new ones, a corpse and a portent of fresh corpses. As a sculpture it is rooted in early 20th-century enthusiasms, yet it is also a brand-new image of that 20th-century triple monster, the animal-human-machine, caught between progress and regress, energy and despair. Like all great works of art it seems, as soon as you meet it, inevitable, almost obvious, as if Sandle had only given form to something already in the air; and to people looking back from the next century Sandle's *Drummer* will surely embody the public imagination of the 1980s as vividly as *The Rock Drill*, Picasso's *Guernica* or Sandle's own *20th Century*

HOUSING

Crimes of design

Jules Lubbock

Utopia on Trial: Vision and Reality in Planned Housing

ALICE COLEMAN *Hilary Shipman* £16 & £7.95

MR MARTIN PAWLEY, the *Guardian's* architecture critic and Peter Palumbo fan, wrote to this journal recently to complain of his treatment at the hands of our TV critic — for he was the 'wretch' in the film about Mansion House Square who 'became quite tearful to think of the modesty and sense of mission of the post-war architects'. Why, he demanded, had the *New Statesman* repudiated Modern Architecture, the architecture of socialism and the welfare state?

One answer could be that Modern Architecture is in fact the architecture of Toryism, for it was Tory policy in 1956 to build high-rise, and in 1985 Mrs Thatcher championed Palumbo's tower. Since 1965 Labour has led the way back to its traditional commitment to a house and garden for everyone, which most English people like, as well as pioneering legislation on conservation and public participation. Another answer might be that too many Labour politicians were conned by architects into modernist panaceas for their housing problems, to find that these only exacerbated the problems.

Much attention has focused upon structural defects and visual eyesores, but the social effects of bad modern design are no less. More than a decade ago in the US Oscar Newman established a statistical relationship between types of design and the rate of crime and vandalism. Using a similar sample of 4,099 blocks in inner London, Coleman's team confirms many of his findings for vandalism alone. The worst offenders are, in order: blocks where one entrance serves a large number of flats; blocks with a large number of dwellings; high-rise; estates with blocks linked by streets-in-the-sky; and estates with untended open space. Moreover pre-1930 and post-1980 blocks, that is, pre- and post-modern designs, have fewer problems. The study also examined non-architectural explanations like poverty, unemployment and social class, but the only one of significance was the density of children and teenagers.

So how can the lot of hapless tenants be improved? It is sobering to find that the effect of some favourite improvements is counter-intuitive and that vandalism was actually increased by the introduction of entryphones, the blocking of streets-in-the-sky (rather than their total removal) and the creation of communal gardens; likewise with shops and playgrounds on estates, perhaps because outsiders are attracted. Admittedly the sample was only 17 blocks, but it suggests that good intentions alone are worse than useless.

Coleman's view is that before taking action a thorough study of an estate is essential. Her



Horse/man
of the
Apocalypse?
Michael
Sandle's
The
Drummer

Memorial those of earlier decades.

Alas, it's no longer on view and the only remedy is for it to be bought at once for a British public collection before it disappears abroad. If the Tate misses it, it will be a blot on its record as dark as the failure to secure Matisse's *Red Studio* in 1947. Nevertheless, if I know the Tate, it will miss it, so I appeal to the Imperial War Museum, the National Galleries of Scotland, the Walker, the Whitworth, the Arts Council: drop everything, cut the director's salary, sell the carpets, buy nothing else until you can show us this.

John Hubbard's last large exhibition, in 1981, ended with an oddity: a painting called *Quarry with Yellow Facets* which suggested cloud and air more than stone and was centred on two brilliant flashes of yellow. The same painting, hanging in the current show at Oxford, can now be seen as transitional: the precursor of the bolder, brighter compositions of the last two years. Hubbard's exploration of nature (landscape implies something viewed rather than entered) in the late Sixties and early Seventies focused mainly on the effects of massed foliage and his compositions were built up through layers of innumerable small brush-strokes; from foliage he moved to rocks, stones and quarry-faces, the small brush-strokes now working to define edges, surfaces and shallow declivities.

Several of the paintings in this exhibition still belong to what one might call his stone period, but the most recent are the outcome of a series of

visits to the sub-tropical gardens at Abbotsbury and Tresco. The small brush-strokes have spread themselves, the colours themselves have intensified and, perhaps most significant of all, yellow and orange have taken on a dominant, foreground role.

On the face of it — and explicitly in their titles — these are flower paintings, but just as the foliage paintings were really concerned with the romantic evasiveness of nature (its poetic, Keatsian mystery) and the quarry and stone paintings with its irreducible (and still mysterious) underlying forms, these exotic gardens are primarily celebrations, wild dances or firework displays, suggesting that for the time being Hubbard is less teased by his subject's mystery than content with its surface immediacy and profusion and with his own mature ability to match it in paint on canvas.

Downstairs at the same address is a rich collection of photographs of Mexico from the Casasola Archive, covering the period 1900-35 and particularly the revolution and civil war of 1910-20. In some ways it looks hardly different from Hollywood's version (the costumes, the firing-squad walls, the posed presidents, the rough riders and conscripted peasants), but though the names are familiar (Zapata, Villa, Madero, Diaz, Huerta), the faces are not and no actor ever stood against a wall with his hands in his pockets, his hat on his head and his mouth grinning round a cigar as coolly and stylishly as the real Captain Fortino Sámano, about to be shot on 12 January 1917. □

research suggests that no more than six flats should share an entrance, that streets-in-the-sky be removed and that each block be enclosed within its own boundary so that only residents and their visitors are encouraged to enter.

She goes further. Streets of houses have the least vandalism, and the best streets are those perfected by market forces between the wars with smiling front gardens, gates, low walls and porches providing a buffer between private and public space well-surveilled by an individualistic façade. Yet these marvels of good design were, and remain, anathema to Mr Pawley's missionary modernists. Ideally Coleman would like to see all tenement blocks replaced, but she recognises that in many cases only modification is feasible.

I cannot judge Coleman's statistics, but her

empirical approach is admirable. Therefore, before her own remedies are widely implemented at great cost I plead for much more research; research is cheap, misguided improvements are dear. Perhaps her project cost £300,000. The rehabilitation of an estate can cost £30 million, and be wasted. Pilot schemes along her lines should be monitored, by other teams. Her work should be repeated and her assumptions questioned. She points out that the problems arose because the modernist utopia had no empirical foundation. If playing the numbers game on untested non-traditional designs contributed to the Great Housing Disaster it must be resisted in the remedy, despite the political urgency 'to do something'; otherwise we shall be facing the Great Rehabilitation Disaster.

Her work also has implications for other fashionable remedies such as tenant control, cooperative management and community architecture which Mr Rooker, Labour's Housing spokesperson, like Miss Coleman, strongly supports. But the intricacy of the problems and their solutions is such that participation alone can be no guarantee of success. Some Liverpool Co-ops are facing problems which Coleman's work predicts.

As for Mr Martin Pawley and the *Guardian* — their attempt to whip up a war of words between modernists and their opponents is iniquitous. It diverts energy from the thoughtful discussion of these complex problems that is essential if the damage is to be repaired and we are to build a better environment. □

FILMS

Taken to the cleaners

John Coleman



Rusty (Cher) and son Rocky (Eric Stoltz) in the vacuum behind Bogdanovich's *Mask*

Mask (15)

Empire; selected cinemas

Mrs Soffel (PG)

Plaza; Gate, Notting Hill

Restless Natives (PG)

Warner; Classic, Tottenham Court Road;

ABCs, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Road

Chinese Boxes (15)

Classic, Tottenham Court Road

ROY L. DENNIS (1964-1980), better known as Rocky, suffered from an extremely rare malady, craniodiaphyseal dysplasia, which meant that his face was deformed, of abnormal size with elongated chin and flattened nose: his life expectancy was eight years, so he doubled that. The no-nonsense devotion of his otherwise slipshod, drug-taking mother Rusty, who rode with a gang of bikers, may or may not have been responsible for this bonus of adolescence.

One Anna Hamilton Phelan dug into the 'story' of Rocky, whom she had met once briefly while working as a genetics counsellor,

and turned it into a screenplay. The outcome is Peter Bogdanovich's *Mask*, a miscalculated tearjerker or inspirational movie, relying to some degree — as, to a much greater degree, did David Lynch's *The Elephant Man* — on our fascination with teratology. But if the Lynch film was distasteful for its frequent lurches into monster-genre devices of suspense and exposure it had at least the virtue of locating disfigured Merrick within a fascinating context: the state of medical knowledge and the potential for exploitation of a freak in 1880s Victorian England. The Bogdanovich affair, a token clinic sequence apart, simply settles for taking the following exchange as its central text. 'But I'm different, mom,' says Rocky (sweetly played, behind that mask make-up, by Eric Stoltz). 'Yeah,' responds sleep-around Rusty (Cher, milking part of her erstwhile public persona), 'you're more beautiful on the inside than most people.'

And so he is, this kid looking like something out of TV's *Spitting Image*. He radiates gutsiness, intelligence and humour throughout, swiftly winning over his new classmates with a slangy account of the Trojan War, sticking pins

in his bedroom map of Europe where he is saving up to travel with his best pal, and the darling of those unusually cleaned-up bikers (they brawl a bit and both say and smoke shit, as does mom, but they're mostly good ol' boys at heart, as is mom). This inner wonderfulness extends to a romance with a blind girl at summer camp, when he teaches her about colours and textures. (Rusty's idea of catering to his nascent sexuality has been to introduce a whore into his room.) Lest we forget the outer ugliness, though, a short fairground sequence of elbowing irony has him in a Hall of Mirrors, gazing at a distorted reflection which makes his face damn near normal-to-handsome. This is the most flagrant instance in a piece unsuccessfully devoted to manipulating our emotions, so wholesomely pasteurised that what must have been an extraordinary upbringing amid toughness and squalor rings hollow as hell. Even the business of Rusty's reciprocal dependence on her son, a provocative notion, goes for less than it should.

Gillian Armstrong's *Mrs Soffel* doesn't even bother with such niceties as *Mask*'s 'based on . . .' PITTSBURGH 1901. A TRUE STORY,

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

A Private Function Blissful and British double first as Michael Mowbray steers top-notch cast through puncturingly word-perfect Alan Bennett comedy set in 1947 Yorkshire. Nagged by social-climbing wife, meek chiropodist gets revenge on local unworthies by stealing black-market pig. (Maggie Smith, Michael Palin).

Birdy Eloquent images, inspired technique, skin-tight performances give brave lift-off to allegory-flecked adventures in blue-collar Philly of ornithological obsessive (Matthew Modine) and butch buddy (Nicolas Cage), later traumatised by Vietnam. Alan Parker's most sympathetic venture since *Bugsy*.

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warped Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

Theatre

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runs the screen legend. Possibly because of the hazards presented by Roy Nyswaner's unsubtle and evasive script, Diane Keaton gives her most unconvincing performance in memory as Kate Soffel, the jail warden's wife, who falls passionately in love with Ed (Mel Gibson), one of two Biddle brothers convicted of murder; younger Jack, snarling but actually innocent of the shooting, is played by Matthew Modine. Distracted mother of four, recently risen from three months' mysterious invalidism, Mrs Soffel wanders by the cells, distributing bibles. When Ed momentarily breaks free from a couple of warders and knocks her flat with a bloodied lip in his abortive flight, Kate is naturally stirred by such virility and is soon kissing the fellow through bars, reading aloud from Luke as he extracts two smuggled files from her boot, reading *fortissimo* as the Biddle boys rasp away at those bars. Ms Armstrong shows an excellent feeling for place and décor (Luci Arrighi designed the production); there are marvellous opening shots of the Soffel brood walking tinily against the towering black prison walls and the clanking jail is as chilling as Kate's domestic interiors are Yule-tide cosy, to the point of claustrophobia; later snowy exteriors as she and the brothers make hopelessly for Canada in a horse-drawn sleigh are properly stunning.

What lacks is any real sense of the enormity of Kate's behaviour or of the gradations by which

Ed starts maybe by stringing her along before in turn falling for her; and this absence stems from the failure of Keaton and Gibson to strike the essential sparks of passion, lust, sheer physical craving. They should be people possessed: instead, we get close to cute, with a few utterly out-of-place moments of outlaw comedy *Butch Cassidy*-style, as they flee to a tragic denouement. Once again, what had to have been a pretty mucky and raunchy and ugly set of circumstances is tidied into conventional entertainment. Mel Gibson looks confused most of the time, as well he might.

The Oxford-American team, producer Rick Stevenson and director Michael Hoffman, who made *Privileged* on a shoestring, have now — with more substantial backing — turned Ninian Dunnett's prize-winning script into **Restless Natives**, beginning appetisingly with two Edinburgh lads donning joke-shop masks to hold up tourist coaches weaving around the Highlands. Bill Forsyth's pawky humour comes to mind, only to evaporate as this basically one-gag plot runs out of steam. The young actors (Joe Mullaney, Vincent Friell, and Teri Lally as a fellow-conspirator coach guide) needed more direction and better lines; the geography of it is higgledy-piggledy, rootless; the whole might appeal to tourist coach-parties. Chris Petit's **Chinese Boxes** continues his deconstruction of cinema, and all reason, as we know them. □

THEATRE

The show must go on, and on, and . . .

Benedict Nightingale

Guys and Dolls

LOESSER, SWERLING and BURROWS

Prince of Wales

In Time of Strife

JOE CORRIE *Half Moon*

CALL IT PREJUDICE, if you must, but I'm always apprehensive when I trot off to a production that has shed its first cast, or imported a new director to recreate the original one's work. Why, for instance, did *On Your Toes* strike me as a sadly limp affair when I caught up with it not long ago? Was some lack of freshness inevitable, given that everyone's aim seemed to be precisely to duplicate what had been stitched together by George Abbott and Balanchine in America two-odd years ago?

And now there's the case of **Guys and Dolls**, which comes calling itself 'the National Theatre production' and yet, on the evidence of its own programme, is scarcely that. Several of its leading performers seem never to have appeared on the South Bank — I don't recall seeing Lulu in *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Lorenzaccio*, or anything else — and its controlling genius is now the original assistant director, Antonia Bird, and not Richard Eyre, though his name is still among the credits, double the size of hers.

It's not the ideal formula for the kind of festive, first-hand experience that Eyre and

Julie Covington, Bob Hoskins and Julia McKenzie offered us three years ago. It's more like a formula for a formula, if you see what I mean: a prescription for a clockwork event, soullessly trundling along tracks laid down long before. And it's sad to have to report that *Guys and Dolls*, if not as mechanical as that, is no longer what it seemed in '82: markedly superior to the other items simultaneously on sale to the musical shopper in London.

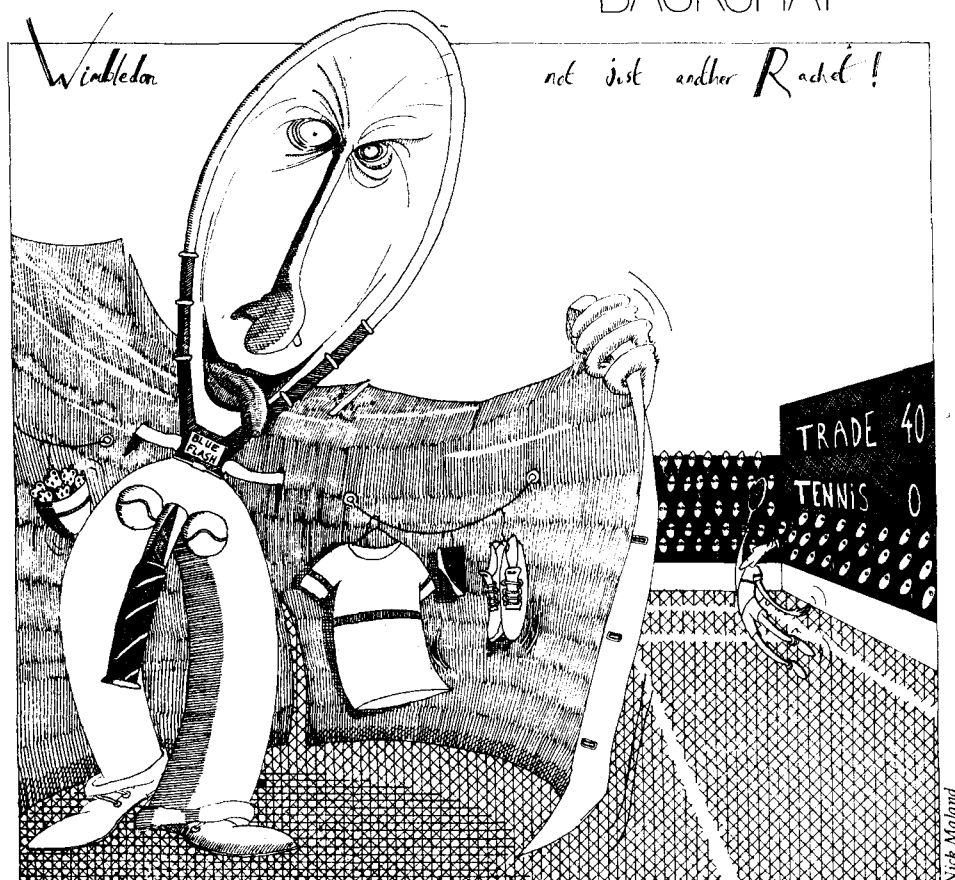
As it happens, there are a surprising number of these at the moment, most American or American-derived: *West Side Story*, *Pump Boys and Dinettes*, *Little Shop of Horrors*, *42nd Street*, *Singin' in the Rain*, as well as *On Your Toes*. One or two of these, or maybe just one of them, would always be worth stage-room. *42nd Street*, the musical I have especially in mind, is only the Cinderella legend transposed to a showbiz setting, ending as it does with a goofy hooper magically making Broadway her fiefdom; but it has a charm and, in the production at Drury Lane, a verve and snap mainly lacking elsewhere. One can't help wondering if the reason for the continued presence in London of some others isn't that they offer American tourists their own shows at prices roughly one-third of those usual in New York: just low enough, it seems, to reconcile them to standards roughly one-half as good. Nor can I, at least, help wondering if Bird's revival of Eyre's revival doesn't belong to the same tinny category.

Let's admit that another prejudice may be operating here. One reason we enjoyed the authentic National production of Loesser's musical was that it was so splendidly incongruous. An upmarket cast, a director known for high seriousness, a theatre as artistically prepossessing as any in Britain — and all combining to give us the frisky *Guys and Dolls*. It was like finding Ibsen in camiknickers, or Webster dressed as Santa Claus; and in our schoolchild delight perhaps we were excessively forgiving towards the odd lapse, a flat note here or a clumsy step there. The Prince of Wales, however, starts with no such advantages. Indeed, it has always struck me as a flashy, unlovable theatre, the natural habitat of the glossy-tawdry and the sleazy-smart. That's where, rightly or wrongly, I expect to find excellently executed commercial tat. That's where, without doubt wrongly, passably decent stuff may look to me like not very well executed commercial tat.

Nevertheless, the show *has* deteriorated. The set, though less deep than at the Olivier, is still an opulent jumble of ads and more ads, cinema facade and newsstand and little eateries; if some quibbler finds a black Sky Masterston implausible, they'll soon be won over by the burly, gangling charisma Clarke Peters brings to the character; and one or two other parts are as well played as before. But the tale — those warm-hearted gamblers, those well-meaning salvationists, that hero who begins in the one camp and ends in the other — carries with it a danger that has by no means been avoided, that of cuteness.

Norman Rossington's shambling Nathan Detroit has a touch of it, and so has Lulu's husky Miss Adelaide, and Mark Hadfield's Benny Southstreet, and even Betsy Brantley's Sarah Brown, with her shimmering teeth and 100-yard-wide grin. To be part of the low life of New York, a maggot in the Big Apple, means to stagger comically across the stage with a bottle or to strike rakish attitudes in a loud suit. Big Julie, the killer-hood from Chicago, seems hardly more than a big softie, which removes all the humour from his enforced attendance at a gospel meeting. Most of the astringency originally provided by Covington, Hoskins and others is missing, and so is much of the fizz and attack. One can't quite put forward the result as fresh evidence that the West End is becoming a sort of holiday colony for passing Americans; but one can't definitively refute the accusation either.

A word, quick because 7:84's revival is about to close, on behalf of **In Time of Strife**: a play about the 1926 miners' strike, written by a Scots participant. This is no piece of pulpit primitivism, but a living work of art, which describes a family and evokes a hungry yet resilient community with some of the humorous cynicism of the great O'Casey, combined with a socialist passion he displayed only in his later, lesser work. The Fife accents occasionally had me yearning for a phrasebook, but they add more in authenticity than they subtract in clarity; and only the mean-spirited will fail to respond to Tom Watson's gritty, ebullient performance as the paterfamilias who conscientiously throws himself into the strike that he's also capable, when feeling contrary, of denouncing as a Soviet conspiracy. □



Anyone for tennis?

David Berry

ALL NEXT WEEK I'll be taking time off work to see the concluding rounds of this year's Wimbledon Tennis Championships. Those lush green courts, the sizzling play of my favourite players, John McEnroe, Yannick Noah and Chris Lloyd, and, of course, fresh strawberries and chilled coca-cola will all contribute to a relaxing and entertaining tennis overdose — in front of the box.

Maybe it's middle age. Perhaps it's because I've now finally got a colour television. But the regular trek to the South London suburb no longer appeals. Dan Maskill has triumphed over the chance to bump into a scowling superstar on his or her way to court.

It wasn't always like this. Soon after joining the surprisingly well established tennis club in Bracknell New Town, I saw a notice inviting members to apply for the annual raffle for Wimbledon tickets. I was then an earnest 14-year-old and the club coach thought I had the makings of a Rod Laver backhand and a Françoise Durr serve — on a bad day.

Eager to back such an appalling talent (the club has since gone up in the world), he fixed the raffle and got me a centre-court ticket. My first visit to the shrine of lawn tennis! It rained all day but what the hell.

A few years later another route for obtaining the desired second-week centre-court ticket appeared. As they say in the sport, I 'knew somebody' who knew someone else who could get me in free.

My contact turned out to be a police officer.

Bored with continually moving on the ticket touts, he made a deal with one such entrepreneur and, for the price of a 'drink', I was in. And watching live Stan Smith defeat Nastase in what some say was one of the best finals of them all. Of such matches, addiction is made.

It was a chance not to be repeated. My police officer friend soon left the Force and my next few Wimbledon visits were as one of 100,000 or so people who go each year with no chance of a centre-court ticket but simply to wander around the outside courts for the price of general admission. It was then that I really noticed the other side of these championships.

The impression one gets from watching Wimbledon on television is of a certain timeless English style. Despite the fact that the players are now professional, Wimbledon appears to have kept the essence of an amateur sport played by gentlemen and ladies (and the occasional brat) and managed by the establishment who graciously allow the Southern middle classes in to the stands and the riff-raff to roam around the outside courts. It's a little like the Derby, but with none of that vulgar commercialism.

As with any myth, there is some truth in this. Even the most hardened professional players admit that there is something special about Wimbledon, something apart from the megabucks of the world circuit. And, although a 'majority' — the club will not say how many — of the 173,000 tickets for the centre court over

the championship's two weeks are set aside for public application, the closing date is 31 January, a strong disincentive against a spontaneous visit. In four years of applying, I was lucky only once. (I couldn't go in the end so I made a nice profit through the personal columns of *The Times*.)

But those lyrical scenes one sees on television of a happy throng mixing with players on the outside courts are in reality an anarchic mess about which the players complain constantly. And where pickpockets abound and young schoolgirls are sexually harassed. A Scotland Yard official says that only a 'mere handful' of men were arrested last year for indecency. But a local journalist I spoke to disputes this. 'Wimbledon fortnight,' he says, 'is well known for this. Every day, three or four men are charged at the local court. It's a serious problem.' But a problem the club and television keep quiet about.

And what of that English lack of commercialism? Every conceivable consumer good used at Wimbledon is merchandised by the discreetly English company Bagenal Harvey and Mark McCormack's International Management Group, from the soft drinks the players never sip during the game to the shirts they never wear.

Every year, Bagenal Harvey rent out 44 marquees to companies representing 'every facet of English commercial life', for company entertaining inside the grounds. 'Costing how much?' I enquired. '£100,000?' 'Oh, that's way over the top,' replied a Bagenal Harvey spokesperson. But he was less forthcoming when I suggested £50,000.

It's actually quite a distasteful scene: a case study of the base forces that prop up the English upper class.

And yet the tennis somehow survives. For the last ten years, I've watched it on television and forgotten the seamier side of the spectacle.

Apart, that is, from three years ago. I was writing an article about Wimbledon for *Marxism Today* and felt the urge to return.

No worry about centre-court tickets this time. The Wimbledon Press Office were more than happy to oblige. It was the first week of the championships and I settled snugly into the comfort of the press box to watch Buster Mottram trounce a young Swede named Anders Jarryd.

Mottram, like many British players in the last ten years, is now gone, never living up to his early promise. Jarryd is one of the seeds this year, a possible future champion.

But this was not foreseen at the time. The few people in the press box included that other faded British player, Sue Barker, who was holding hands with that well-known journalist, Cliff Richard.

The tennis hacks, I discovered later, were in the press bar underneath the centre court watching the match on television.

Postscript

There's an interesting, well researched article on Wimbledon in the June issue of *New Socialist* which I read after writing the above. Interestingly enough, the author's comment that Wimbledon's PR firm was less than helpful to them. I found the firm extremely helpful. Does this mean that the *New Statesman* is more respectable than the *New Socialist*? □

Naseem Khan Rarities



I MET someone once who claimed to be setting up a travel agency called Last Chance — last chance to see Amerindians before the new road smashes through;

last chance to see Eskimos before they're all moved into tin-hutted townships. If it had ever been set up, the Commonwealth Institute would have undercut it. For here in the past few weeks, *sans* air fare and *sans* agency, you could have sampled just as strange and ancient magical cultures.

That their coming to London, to the cosmopolitan spaces of the Institute's Arts Centre, apparently increased their chances of survival on the ground, must to some degree allay the raised eyebrows that the season could otherwise hardly have failed to produce. Eskimo throat-singers? Spirit mediums? Ceremonies to still the spirits of the dead? At best naive; at worst exploitative — that is the charge that must be faced. Transplanting folk art in itself is problematical enough. But ritual, religious folk art — how on earth can that be translated to a London stage in any valid way?

The questions and the fears are natural and inevitable, and ones that the organisers of the Ancestral Voices season have met head on. The recent season — the third — might, at a superficial glance, have appeared an ad hoc selection — Eskimos (Inuits), Zimbabweans, British folk rituals and Koreans — but there was more to it. Prakash Daswani, the season's director, had picked examples that illustrated the role of the shaman and the thread of oral tradition across a range of Commonwealth cultures. Presented with tact and dignity, they never ran the least danger of becoming exotic displays.

The setting was a bare one — the Arts Centre's large and open stage — a few flats up for wings and slim, white, column-like shapes suspended against the black backdrop, different shapes for each of the four groups in the season. To one side, for the first, was a simple altar, the cut-out figure of a man pinned up above the fruit and the lamp. On came Korean musicians. Dressed all in white, the mourning colour of the East, they wore high Welsh-type black hats and carried percussion and flutes. The Korean shamans themselves are women, chosen for the job by their mothers-in-law. Three were here in London. Also in white, with wide, sail-winged, nun-like hats, they had broad, round, sweet faces whose stretched skin gave the impression of a constant secret half-smile.

Drums rolled, cymbals clashed. The women's voices, as they sang, summoning the spirits of the ancestors, were strong and powerful. They had actions to carry out as well as invocations: the life of the dead person, represented by a long knotted white sheet, was

carefully smoothed out, all sins expunged, as the tempo of the music quickened. The dead person, symbolised by their clothes rolled up in a bamboo mat, was washed with different kinds of water. Their spirit was finally induced to leave their earthly home. All that remained was for the group to collect its fee — the large bowl of rice on stage — and, in theory, depart, like doctors for the next house call.

No such unBrechtian belief here, however — and that, I suspect, was the reason for the success of the season. There was no way in which the ceremony was the real thing (how could it be, out of context?): they were demonstrating how it is done, not pretending to recreate the experience — and there is an important distinction. But since they are all people who come from the heart of their traditions and, moreover, have a clear impulse to communicate and share, far more came over the culture gap than would have done with a cynically theatrical presentation.

The Inuit women were even less staged than the Korean shamans. The two singers of the first part stood facing each other in their fake fur brown parkas, like two ageing cheerful teddy bears, just a couple of feet apart. Unexpectedly, the most extraordinary sound emerged from their throats: a deep growling bass monotone from one, embroidered on by the lighter more aerial tone of the other. The pieces they performed derive from small family or seasonal events (the wind at a certain time of winter, the first smile of a child). The older one of the two sisters broke off and, with quite a lot of giggling, told the audience, via a translator, how the songs originated: mostly at the time when the women were waiting for the men to come back from hunting trips. The haunting sound, accompanied in only some numbers by a small mouth-harp, must be among the most basic and ingenious of human music-making anywhere in the world. It was the necessity of the work that in both cases was so striking (and, I'd be willing to believe, in the Zimbabwean and British events that sadly I had to miss). However altered the context, it was a sense that still came over strongly. It was also the best possible antithesis to the rather didactic displays in the large Institute galleries themselves — skiddos from Canada, stamps from Singapore, dairy products from New Zealand.

It is hardly surprising that the season should have attracted a growing audience over the years. So, too, has the Commonwealth Institute's other yearly event — the Music Village — due to open on 11 July. In some ways it has less natural disadvantages to surmount than Ancestral Voices with its theatre setting — the two-week event takes place in the open air, in a tree-sheltered glade of Holland Park, and brings musicians from all over the world to live and work together. This year's Village will concentrate on music from the area around the Indian Ocean — Madagascar, Sumatra, India, Zanzibar and more, well over 100 musicians in all. Although there will be no more attempt to create an archetypal facsimile village than there was indoors to stage the Arctic or East Africa, the village feeling nevertheless has persisted in previous years and the possibility of a kind of interchange that couldn't happen with the more structured Ancestral Voices. Taken together, the annual events provide a rare experience. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams Double yoke

AS WELL AS having to cope with being second-sex, second-class citizens in a stolen land, South African women are regarded as minors by their own menfolk, a view endorsed by the Bible and its whey-faced missionaries. 'I find it depressing that we have to fight on two fronts,' said a capable black woman in **Maids and Madams** (C4). 'Sexism as well as racism.' She wondered if they were any better off than the Chinese: 'Obey the father, obey the husband, obey the son.'

The irony of this is that black women are obliged to remain under the theoretical guardianship of men whom they are probably supporting by working as maids to white madams: more subordination. 'I don't regard myself as a madam,' said a liberal white lady, as she told her maid to bring her lemon tea on the terrace. 'It's hard to sustain a level of indignation in a country that accepts such things totally...'

Many madams are genuinely decent, illegally housing their maids' children along with their own, but this can lead to emotional problems for the black children who see their mother paying more attention to her white charges. We saw an obscene snatch of film of a poor black woman out walking her madam's pedigree Chow, then another touching one of her soaping a little white boy with all the tenderness she should have been lavishing on her own, abandoned for months on end in some distant homeland. Such motherly instincts, doomed by apartheid, breed high levels of insecurity for black women — their madams are liable to dismiss them in a fit of jealous pique — to say nothing of the suppressed (and illegal) emotions of the children growing up in this schizoid society.

All this might be bearable if the results were comfort and security. But not only is the situation emotionally combustible, the rewards are negligible. 'In my mother's house there are 18 of us in four rooms. If you came in the nighttime you wouldn't be able to walk.' Regulation space for each person is six-foot square, which no one has. Echos were added to the soundtrack as a woman described her dream home, 'I'd like a big house... a big size bed, like a double bed.' In a country where 80 per cent of the land is owned by an oppressive minority it can only be a matter of time before she has her wish.

Last week, following the only unfunny **Phil Silvers Show** (BBC-2) I've ever seen — *The Court Martial* (of a chimpy) — came a wonderful thing called **The Sunday Judge** (BBC-2), a semi-fictionalised view of the new legal system in Mozambique, 'an island with a government more left-wing than the Socialist Republic of Islington' as the *Evening Standard* TV guide (sic) Lynda Murdin so confidently put it. The film was a hilarious recreation of the trials in the life of a wife who is also a judge in one of Mozambique's new Peoples' Courts, in this

case an open-air one. 'What will you give her?' she asks a man petitioning for divorce. 'I'll give her three sheets of zinc,' says the man nobly, with a slight laugh. The judge half-laughs her reply: 'She couldn't make a pigsty out of that.' 'I'll give her a quarter of my wages then,' shrugs the man.

The point of the play is that the judge's own marriage is on the rocks due to her revolutionary duties. 'Men don't understand women's emancipation,' she explains, at home now, as her husband walks out. The man has his say: 'First the house is empty, then it overflows. First there's no one to talk to, then you can't get a word in. My wife the judge, she ruining our marriage to save other people's. Where is the court that will listen to my case?' Well, he soon finds one: hers. All hell breaks loose as he bursts in upon a case that we are seeing brilliantly acted out in flash-aways and demands the court hear his case instead. Being highly flexible (trestle tables) the court somehow manages to incorporate this farce into its structure without even adjourning. Hard to imagine a similar case in a South African township involving a wife who has to spend too much time from home chasing after her white mistress; they're too beaten down. In Mozambique the white mistresses were packed off home to Portugal. What country will take the South African ones? Holland? England?

At the end, a man comes in where the judge works and says how much he *enjoyed* her case the other day. Now there's a possible country.

The Yemen — Roof of Arabia in The World About Us series (BBC-2) — the first film about this 'once-secret Arabia', 'this forbidden Mediaeval kingdom' — could have been a completely strange travelogue for once, but by showing the country through the eyes of two westernised, articulate inhabitants it managed to normalise even the walled city of Sana'a, 'a teeming mediaeval city alive and well in the 20th century'.

Oil has come to Sana'a, raising Ali Sabry to a western-type executive with a super-charged work ethic and Mercedes. 'There is no difference at all between the man and the woman,' said Ali, whom we could see out shopping with a wife who was wearing full body-veil and face-band.

The portion of the film devoted to Selma Al Radi, 'archaeologist guardian of old Arabia', was spent mostly inside her ancient Land Rover, Flossie, panning areas of Yemen's Empty Quarter and the occasional desert citadel. 'If I wanted to break down, I would break down in this country,' said Selma, offering her highest compliment and somehow endorsing this Land Rover-eye's view of North Yemen. The windscreen had a bird-shaped crack in it, which managed to dominate the most unearthly landscapes, reminding you mostly of how your own TV windscreen needed a dust, too, and cramping your imagination back to the possibility of stopping off in the kitchen for a drink or a snack. Funny how these things work on you. □

bathroom to her requirements — and that includes a Pampas suite complete with bidet.

Meanwhile Polytechnic lecturer and Cole's Notes author Paul Archer has been seen every night this week in the lounge bar of the Goat Inn, Hatfield. Only last month he told me he'd taken the pledge. Now he blames stress caused by government education cuts, but I notice that the Goat's new adornment is barmaid Tracey Evans, 19. Coincidence? Maybe.

Who said there were no success stories these days? Pete Edwards, Herne Bay's go-ahead central heating installer, finds that increased business means he's making VAT returns. 'It's a mixed blessing,' quips Pete, but friends say his barbeque parties feature real steak now instead of Tesco beefburgers.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

I hear on the telegraph that Kevin Thwaite has been putting himself about again. This time the all-too-willing recipient is Hazel Shanks, 24, daughter of well-known local councillor and builder Jack Shanks, whose successful tender for the new Market Square conveniences caused such a stir recently.

Hazel, a stunning six-footer who has interrupted a promising career in the Gas Board to prepare for the season's beauty contests, towered over Kevin when I ran into them last week at Dewsbury's top night-spot, Naughty Nitties. Quipped Kevin, 'They're all the same size in dark.'

Rumours abound, however, that Kevin, darling of the heavy woollen district night set, is two-timing Hazel with diminutive Sharon Smith, 17, from the sixth-form college. Kevin, of course, has three 'O' levels himself.

His secret? Simple. Sharon has to be home by ten o'clock, when Hazel emerges. Good thinking, Kev!

NOEL PETTY

Weekend competition

No 2879 Set by T. A. Dyer

Readers are asked to write a piece by a sage of the year 2585 establishing that Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan, Tony Benn or some other contemporary figure could not possibly have existed — and giving the mythic significance of their legend. Max. 150 words by 10 July.

No 2876 Set by E. O. Parrott

Gossip column reports on the lives of middle- or lower-class Nonentities.

Report by Ernest Oswald flap

I dare say you know more about it than I do, but the picture you sketch of working-class life is less than totally plausible. Its participants, surely, can't *all* be publicans, criminals or bingo players? I'll accept the tirelessness you've ascribed to their search for carnal excitement (such, after all, is the *sine qua non* of gossip-column mythology) but it has to be said that you're more convincing when it comes to the middle classes. Even within that stratum, however, I'd hazard a guess that Lissa Evans is the only person to have aimed her wit at herself (forgive me Lissa, and anyone else, if I'm wrong). Could it be the word 'Nonentities' that distracted you? But ten pounds each to the Jennifers, Dempsters and Hickeys printed below.

Friday: Party at Shaz Langley's flat to christen her new stereo. The hostess wore puce dungarees, and greeted visitors under the coat rack in the hall. Guests included 'Dettol' Smith, Barney, 'The Case',

Flabby, Squaddo and Mick the Prick. Shaz's 'live-in-lover' Dave cracked a barrel of Boots Homebrew and dancing continued until dawn.

Saturday: Mid-afternoon breakfast gathering at Shaz Langley's flat. Guests ate sausages in the back yard, while Dave played the saxophone. Cooking-sherry cocktails were served.

Saturday evening: Reception at Andy Reed's flat (just up the stairs from Shaz Langley's). Shaz and Dave were unfortunately unable to attend due to sudden illness. Guests included 'Dettol' Smith, Barney, 'The Case', Flabby, Squaddo and Mick the Prick. Andy has recently returned from Amsterdam, so duty-free whisky and certain substances were freely available. Stoned until dawn.

LISSA EVANS

It was pretty much the usual crowd at the 73 bus stop. Betsy and Pam were looking very Molesworth in their Michael Heseltine jackets and Betsy let drop that her sister-in-law in Tottenham is expecting her second on the 24th, and that her Gran's rebate still hasn't come through.

Suddenly, who should alight from a 38 but librarian Dave (visiting Essex Road, he told me, to book a table at the Sultan Ahmet for Daphne's leaving party)? Fashionable in a clean white shirt and Doghouse tie, Dave relayed an amusing yarn about his chief, 'Adolf' Smithson, who, when questioned about the redundancies and short-time at local branches, retorted, 'Don't ask me. I was on holiday at the time.' It seems 'Adolf' was staying with an aunt in Chichester when the axe fell. I learned also that 'Mrs Dave' will soon be out and about again after her varicose veins op.

GERARD BENSON

I hear that Ron Draper has called off the annual fortnight in Torremolinos so he can fund the purchase of a new Cortina. Titian-haired Mrs Draper — she was Walsall Carnival Queen in 1969 — doesn't take kindly to such unilateral decisions, so Ron is having to put in extra hours making over the

My spies report that June Robertson, senior infants teacher at Snodding County Primary School and daughter of 'Cruncher' Larry Robertson (his nickname derives from his brief career as a professional wrestler before he bought the secondhand book shop where he now deals in first edition Mills and Boons), was seen visiting St Stephen's vicarage yesterday afternoon.

The visit was ostensibly to request the vicar, Rev Nesbitt, to judge the infants' painting competition, but Mrs Mavis Dibble, who 'does' for the vicar, informs me that June is secretly dating Ian, Rev Nesbitt's son, who is currently reading archaeology at Durham. Mrs Iris Twigge, Sunday School leader, confirms this and says when Ian has his degree he will take June on a prolonged dig in Turkey. This will surely scupper June's chances of promotion to head, a long-held ambition of which she has made no secret.

KATIE MALLETT

Word has it that Mrs Ivy Wilkinson of Victoria Terrace will shortly be playing her three hundredth Bingo game at the opulent Roxy Bingo Club frequented by anyone who is anyone in well-heeled Housey-Housey circles.

She'll be accompanied, as usual, by her glamorous neighbour, sophisticated school meals supervisor Mrs Betty Mitchell. Meanwhile, her husband John, dashing, husky, redundant weaving overlooker, will be exercising their sleek cross-bred terriers on the bleak but romantic industrial sites surrounding their home.

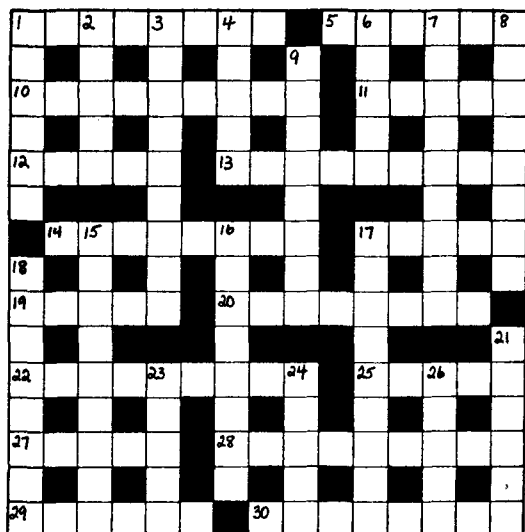
As I chatted to her over a newspaper of fish and chips in her charming bijou kitchen overlooking an enchanting back street, she mentioned her latest Tuppaware Party which attracted so many of the Victoria Terrace set.

Before I left I was introduced to her man-about-town son, Arthur, who has just completed a fascinating Youth Training Scheme in fish finger processing.

R. J. PICKLES

Weekend Crossword 1484

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1484, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 9 July.



Name _____

Address _____

ACROSS

1. Part of town which is not run by a team (8)
5. Make a child go to sleep to deprive it of liberty (6)
10. Language in which noun ending operates strangely (9)
11. Shrub which puts girls back (5)
12. Saying what the cows say about milk? (5)
13. A bird is an odd thing to carry about for sale (9)
14. Marsh has a meeting put into the paper (8)
17. With a change of heart this song might do for a heathen (5)
19. River spends morning in salt (5)
20. In a city there is something growing towards the rising sun (8)
22. The old enemy goes in to dawdle about, for he is after a prize (9)
25. Base caught in under surface (5)
27. Large plate with a woman in the middle of it (5)
28. Alien brat is ordered to be teachable (9)
39. Charm the last listener (6)
30. Food sometimes found in crackers (8)

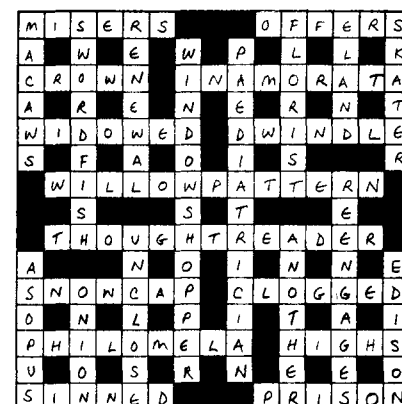
DOWN

1. Up West in the enclosure it is very hot (6)
2. The headquarters is in a place made potentially dangerous (5)
3. Rather hot on negro turning into an aggressive person (9)
4. Material for the fourteenth verse? (5)
6. One creature would include a hundred in this small figure (5)
7. It is plain Nero fiddles without rival (9)
8. Platform for chief designer? (8)

9. Sound chests, but they sound ill (8)
15. In the nude possibly marriage is unique (9)
16. I refuse to admit embracing a bird, whoever it is (8)
17. Birds which are served hot among country folk (9)
18. Delay caused when the cooking utensils are upset over the servant (8)
21. To return would be right champion! (6)
23. Excessively present in careful traffic (5)
24. Concerned with a very high honour being within range (5)
26. Vehicle in room on board (5)

SET SQUARE

Solution to 1482



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LISTINGS

SAT 29 JUNE

BALHAM Economic Policy, Jobs & Industry — a no-nonsense intro. to economics & examination of Labour's Campaign for Jobs. 10am-5pm Balham Family Centre, Bedford Hill, SW12. Org. Tooting Labour Party 01-675 3608.

BETHNAL GREEN International Co-op Cabaret & Dance with Daytonites, Sandra Kerr, Ian Saville, International spkrs. 7pm York Hall, Old Ford Rd, E2. Adm. £1.25 (in advance) £1.75 at door. Org. CRS London Political Cttee, 78/102 Broadway, Stratford E15. 01-534 4201 x 271.

LONDON Psychoanalysis & History workshop: 'Autobiographies'. Spkrs. Cora Kaplan, Luisa Passerini, Jean Radford. 2-5pm Uni. of London Students Union (rm. 30), Malet St, WC1. Adm. £1.

LONDON 'Politics of French Theory: Althusser, Poulantzas, Foucault' 10am-5.30pm Poly. of Central London, 309 Regent St, W1. Spkrs. incl. Ted Benton, Mark Cousins. Adm. £1/50p UB40. Details: Ted Benton, Uni. of Essex, Colchester CO4 3SQ. 0206 862286.

LONDON Community Action against Racism meeting for parents, teachers, students with contributions from Drummond Parents Action Grp (Bradford & William Patten Infants Sch. (Hackney). 3-6pm Grays Inn Resource Centre, 1A Rosebery Ave, EC1. Creche (Tel. 278 7856 in advance). Disabled access. Org. All London Teachers against Racism and Fascism, Panther Hs. Rm. 216, 38 Mount Pleasant, WC1X 0AP. 01-278 7856.

SUN 30 JUNE

ISLINGTON CND Quarterly Workshop 12-6pm 36a Hildrop Rd, N7. Bring food to share. All welcome. 01-609 0309.

MON 1 JULY

LONDON 'Humanism & New Fundamentalism in USA' by Paul Kurtz. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Orgs. British Humanist Assoc, Nat. Secular Soc, Rationalist Press Assoc, South Place Ethical Soc.

LONDON History Workshop Seminar: Melissa Benn on 'Socialist Opposition to Women's Suffrage'. 7.30pm The White Swan, 14 New Row, WC2.

LONDON 'What went wrong? Why councils caved in to rate-capping'. 7.30pm Red Rose Club, 129 Seven Sisters Rd, Spkrs. incl. Hilda Kean, Mick O'Sullivan, Joanna Fawkes. Org. Socialist Organiser.

BIRMINGHAM Christians against the Cuts Public Meeting with Lord Soper, David Hallam, 7.30pm Moseley Rd Methodist Church. 813. Org. Christian Socialist Movement 021-455 7544.

MOLESWORTH SE Region & London Region CND Day of Action & peace picnic. Meet 11.30am Cockbrook La. entrance. Bring food, drink, music, games. Details: 0580 880805.

TUES 2 JULY

WANDSWORTH 'A Regional Adolescent Psychiatric Unit — its responsibilities to Community it serves' by Dr. Michael Sevvit, Long Grove Hospital, Epsom. 7.30pm Penfold Centre, 1 Neville Gill Clo., SW18. Adm. free. Org. WAMH, 3 Brodrick Rd, SW17.

LONDON Picket of Rio Tinto Zinc against Rossing Uranium mine in Namibia which exports uranium to BNF for use in Trident Missile programme. 12-30-2pm RTZ, 6 St. James's Sq., SW1. Org. City of London Anti-Apartheid Grp. 01-837 6060.

LONDON Eritrea — the causes of famine 6.30pm Africa Centre, King St, WC2. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Nerayo T. Michael. Org. Eritrea Support Cttee, BCM Box 7007, WC1V 6XX. 01-837 92367.

LONDON Meeting on Trident 8pm Hoop Lane Unitarian Church Hall, NW11. Spkr. Vincent Champion. Org. Hendon & Golders Green CND. Details: Tim Walker 01-458 3360.

WED 3 JULY

LONDON Black Representation in the Labour Party. 7.30pm Liberty Hall, 485 Kingsland Rd. Spkrs. incl. Sharon Atkin, Mark Wadsworth. Org. Hackney South & Shoreditch Labour Party.

LONDON Ivan Illich will discuss The Side Effects of Compulsory Literacy 7pm St. Mark's Hall, Abercorn Pl. NW8. Details: The Academic Inn 01-286 4366.

LONDON Public Enterprise Grp. AGM 7.30pm Friends Meeting Hs. 8 Hop Gardens (off St. Martins La.) WC2.

LONDON Festival for Latin America with Pete Seeger at Royal Festival Hall. Tickets £3-£9 from RFH Box Office 01-928 3191. Details: Ken Hulme 01-633 4724.

LONDON Picket outside US Embassy to protest against the US trade embargo on Nicaragua. 12-2pm Grosvenor Sq, SW1. Org. Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign 01-359 8982.

THURS 4 JULY

LONDON Central American Independence Day: 'Not the Boston Tea Party: a Nicaraguan coffee party with guest celebrities, street theatre, busking. 4.30pm Jubilee Gdns., South Bank, SE1. 6pm Rally. 6.45pm Concert with Skint Video, Cryptic Twins, Porky the Poet, etc. Free Adm. All in Jubilee Gdns. Org. Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign 01-359 8982/WOW Campaigns Ltd., 3 Castles Hs, 1 London Bridge St, SW1. 01-403 2266.

LONDON Street Collections & the Law' 6.30pm County Hall, SE1. Details of room at reception. Org. Brenda Kirsch for GLC Police Cttee. Support Unit 01-633 5943.

CAMDEN Health Warning for Camden — Cuts are seriously damaging your health! 6pm Camden Centre, Bidborough St, NW1. Main spkr. Frank Dobson, MP. Cabaret, stalls. Disabled access, creche. Details: Camden Health Emergency 01-485 6352/482 4136.

BIRMINGHAM 'Black Minorities: the response of Further and Community Education' at Birmingham College of Food. Details: G. Lander, Kilburn Polytechnic, Priory Park Rd, London, NW6 1YB.

FRI 5 JULY

LONDON 'Political Education: Putting Theory into Practice: conf. for teachers, youth workers at Inst. of Education, 20 Bedford Way, WC1. Org. British Youth Council, 57 Chilton St, NW1 1HU. Details: Sharon Wint 091-387 7559.

BARNESLEY National Co-operative Gala. Details: Milford Bateman, Barnesley Enterprise Centre, 1 Pontefract Rd, Barnesley, S. Yorkshire S71 1AJ. 0226 298091.

SAT 6 JULY

CROYDON New Technology Dayschool for Trade Unionists 10.30am-4.30pm Ruskin House, Coombe Rd. Workshops on Health & Safety & VDUs, Threats to Women's health, Data protection & Yr. rights, New Technology — how to win. Videos, creche. Evening social in aid of victimised miners. Disco. Tickets £2/£1 UB40. Org. Croydon TUC.

MANCHESTER Northern Women's Health Conference '85 at Manchester Polytechnic. Health Fair, Workshops, Social, Good access, creche, food & accom. available. Registration/details: C/O War on Want, 300 Oxford Rd, Manchester M13 9NF.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

New Socialist

A SOCIALIST IN EXILE

Agnes Heller, Hungary's foremost socialist thinker, has been ignored by the Left in Britain, perhaps because she has uncomfortable things to say. Read our major interview by Patrick Wright. The phoney war: Stewart Lansley's analysis of the fudge and muddle at the heart of the rate-cap campaign. Will women lose out again? From a feminist toehold in GLEB, Irene Brugel looks sceptically at Labour's Jobs & Industry campaign. Plus Hilary Land on Fowler's bonanza for the City, Stephen Pope on the "new vegetarians", Raphael Samuel on the age of "workerism", Angela McRobbie on post-modernism, Fred Halliday on Denis Healey, Jeremy Seabrook on a rogue socialist, Frank Mori on male sexuality, and much, much more. July-August issue on sale now at main newsagents and radical bookshops. Subscriptions £8.80 inland, £14 overseas. New Socialist Subs, Watling Street, Bletchley, Milton Keynes MK2 2BW. Credit cards tel 0908 71981.

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 30 June 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'The Path to the Masters'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

THERAPY

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POLITICAL PUBLICATIONS

Marxism Today

July issue — Out Now

Ferdinand Mount: *The Future of Socialism* with a response by Gareth Stedman-Jones.

Peter Alcott: *Caught in the Net.* The Fowler reviews and what they mean for the Left.

Graham McCann: *Bruce Springsteen.*

Also: **Monty Johnstone** interviews Chinese leader **Qi Xiyu.**

Colin Chambers on the Crisis in the Arts.

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LIVELY WOMAN, late 30s, socialist, likes music, films, reading, would enjoy company of relaxed, sympathetic man. London-based. Box (26)1064.

MALE STUDENT, 23, with wide range of interests, seeks lively/interesting socialist female, for close relationship. All replies answered. Box (23) 0971.

LOVELY MAN going begging; tallish, fairish, slim, 38, London/Kent, unattached. Open-hearted, listening, enquiring, vital, caring, sane, self-deprecating, paragon. CND, undomgatic socialist doer. Inexpert etcher, quality scattered book lined intellect, unfierce games player. Taken by spontaneous, unpretentious, non-repository women/artforms/children/places/wit. Jazz, proms. film, food for nervous starters, love our des(s)erts? Box (26) 1097.

MALE, 39, gentle and reflective but lively sense of humour, becoming isolated by the combination of a professional life and single parenthood, seeks caring female companionship, 28-36. Interests veer from theatre, music, pubs and literature, to a love of the countryside. London or anywhere. Box (25)1038.

MALE, 50, slim, 5'6", divorced, no children, seeks female who has had or has clinical depression, for mutually constructive relationship. Any age or area. All letters answered. Box (26)1088.

MALE, PROFESSIONAL, 30, leftish, humorous, hedonistic and solvent, seeks m/f. friends for conversation, pubs and general socialising, to overcome big-city boredom. N. London. Box (25)1024.

PRESENTABLE, TALL, early 50s, divorcee, S. Bucks home, middle-brow interests, seeks unattached, warm male, with a view to developing loving partnership. Box (26)1089.

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PROFESSIONAL LADY, 30, very shy, gentle, nervous, seeks correspondence with similar male, for mutual support/care. Interests: walking, politics, CND, music, piano. N. Yorks. Box (24)1008.

PROFESSIONAL, SOCIALIST, 34, starting again, affectionate, kind, generous, seeks similar or younger female, to share interest in travel, classical music and the future. Birmingham/anywhere. Box (23)0956.

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